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THE UNKNOWN FRIEND.

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CHAPTER III.

The Count de Rosenheim lived a very retired life: he passed for a morose and disappointed man. The death of his wife, whom he had dearly loved, added to a political disgrace which had fallen upon his family, had caused him to withdraw almost entirely from the court and the world. He amused himself by superintending the education of his daughter Constance, who was then in her eighteenth year. The reputation of the young Countess, for beauty, talent, wit and fortune, had already gained her many suitors; but the Count did not appear disposed to make an early choice of a son-in-law. He adored his daughter, and feared a separation from her.

These details were already well known to Frederic, so that one may conceive the feelings with which he entered the Count's elegant residence.

"Whom shall I announce, sir?" asked the servant, who met him in the ante-chamber.

"The Baron Frederic de Neuberg."

The man bowed, and passed into an inner room, the door of which he accidentally left open, so that Frederic, while approaching it, could distinctly hear the result of his message.

"The Baron Frederic de Neuberg!" replied the Count, in a sharp tone. "I do not know the gentleman! What is he?"

"A young man, my lord, who appears very well."

"Pshaw!—what does he want?"

"I do not know, my lord; he asked to see you—if not inconvenient—he said."

"Confound him! but let him enter. Hold, first arrange this."

This preamble was very little encouragement to Frederic. He turned pale, and felt his knees tremble under him: but it was too late to recede. He endeavored to rally and to regain his composure. The servant reappeared, and holding the door open, made him a sign to enter. Frederic took courage, and passed into the Count's cabinet.

The Count was within, at the farther end. He was tall and thin, with a bald forehead and a slight stoop. His features had an expression of severity, that at once struck Frederic; and his piercing eye fixed upon the young man seemed to read his every thought. His slightly contracted brow, and haughty lip, showed plainly enough that the visit was ill-timed, and that he would seize the first pretext to shorten it. He made one step towards Frederic and then stopped. The latter bowed respectfully, and in raising his head again met that cold and haughty look that made him shudder: his color changed rapidly, and he involuntarily placed his hand upon the medal as if to convince himself he had not lost it. The Count replied by a slight inclination of the head, and a gesture of the hand, but did not speak. Frederic's embarrassment redoubled, but he felt it was necessary for him to speak; the Count evidently expected him to commence the conversation.

"I ask your pardon, my lord Count," said he, in a voice that trembled in spite of himself, "if my visit is inopportune. I should be grieved to intrude upon your kindness, and I should sincerely regret my boldness, if I knew that it interrupted any more important occupation."

Saying those words, Frederic raised his eyes toward the Count, and saw with joyful surprise that the severe and dissatisfied look had gradually cleared away, and that his whole countenance wore a more agreeable aspect.

"I shall be always pleased to see you, sir," Count replied, with coldness indeed, but with none of the haughtiness which his first reception portended, "and shall doubtless deem your visit far from inopportune, when I know its motive." And he ceased speaking, pointing politely to a seat.

Frederic bowed his thanks, greatly embarrassed to find a suitable answer to this implied question.

"When I know its motive," repeated the Count, mechanically, and as if pursuing the train of some other thought, while his eyes, fixed upon the young man, expressed great and evident surprise. "But in truth!" he said, with sudden emotion. "Those features! Yes; it is a striking resemblance! Are you the young Frederic de Neuberg?"

"Good!" thought the young man, "he seems to forget that my name was mentioned!"

"Certainly, my lord Count, I am Frederic de Neuberg."

"Ah! good Heaven, what a resemblance! Truly, my young friend, you are the exact likeness of your charming mother."

"His young friend," thought Frederic, almost leaping from his seat, "oh, talisman!"

"I am indeed very glad to see you," continued the Count, kindly, and extending his hand—"tell me, I beg, you, why you have not visited me before."

Whatever reliance Frederic might have upon his talisman, he certainly had not the slightest expectation of so rapid a change. His joy, in being received in this manner by the father of Constance, was so lively, that he could only respectfully press the hand extended to him, and murmur a few words which his agitation rendered unintelligible.

"I should certainly be displeased with you," added the Count, who perceived his embarrassment, and could not help smiling, "and I should severely censure your neglect of your friends, if I did not perceive that you yourself already regret it."

"Most assuredly, my lord Count," replied Frederic, in a voice almost stifled by joy,—"if I could have hoped for so favorable a reception—if I could have imagined the kindness you have shown me, I would not have delayed, even for a moment, to present myself to you, and assure you of my devotion; but—"

"But," interrupted the Count, smiling, "you were kept away by some other attraction, of which you, like all other young men, have doubtless many; and so forgot the old friends of your family—that is not right, but we will say no more about it; we will not rake up the past—what are you doing now? Still studying at the University?"

This question put Frederic at his ease. The past was a dangerous subject, to which he knew not how to reply; but the turn the conversation now took was easy and pleasant. It was lively, long, and animated, and either the virtue of the talisman, or his own wit and manners, made Frederic an acceptable companion to the Count.

"Listen, my young friend," said the latter, at length, rising and interrupting a moral and philosophical digression, "we will drop this subject for to-day. I do not wish, however, to dismiss you—quite the contrary—but at all events, when you do go, I hope it will be only to return."

"It is a proof of your kindness to me," said Frederic, "and I shall not fail to avail myself of it."

"Good! but in the meantime I must present you to the mistress of the house. It is but proper that Constance should know you, since you are to visit us often."

This unexpected proposition absolutely made Frederic tremble, but Count Rosenheim, who had turned aside to open the door of the saloon, did not notice his agitation, and when he made him a sign to enter, the young man had regained his composure. Constance, seated near the window, was amusing herself with her embroidery.

"Constance," said the Count, approaching her, "I have come to present to you the son of one of my old friends, who will visit us often—Baron Frederic de Neuberg."

Saying these words, the Count turned to point to Frederic, who had remained a little behind. Constance raised her eyes to salute the Baron de Neuberg, whom she did not suspect to be known to her; but when they met those of Frederic, she trembled violently, reddened, paled, and retreated. Frederic, who had passed between her and her father, hid this emotion of surprise from the Count; and while he was respectfully saluting the young lady, she had time to recover from her agitation. At the same moment the door was opened, and a lackey presented himself.

"My lord Count," said he, "the carriage of the Baron de Grossenstein is entering the Court of Honor."

"Pshaw," said the Count, evidently annoyed. "It is well; I will go to receive him. I do not bid you adieu, my young friend, for I shall return immediately."

And he went out, leaving the young people alone. They were both agitated and remained silent. Their glances had met several times, and each time Constance blushed and lowered her eyes—when Frederic broke the silence which had already lasted too long.

"I could not have dared, madam, even yesterday, to hope for the happiness of being admitted to your presence—and you see me as much surprised as gratified at the reception I have met from your father. May I hope my happiness may be increased, and that you will imitate his goodness?"

"I know not why you should doubt it, sir," replied Constance, without raising her eyes, "it is sufficient that my father has received you to make me also receive you with pleasure."

"Ah! lady," quickly answered Frederic, "certainly the kindness of your father is very precious to me; but it is to you that I address myself, and I should attach so much more value—"

"But," interrupted Constance, with a wicked smile and a slight trembling in her voice, "it seems to me that you have acquired this idea but very lately! Why—since you are a friend of our family—since you must have known that our doors would always be open to you—why have you not before visited us?"

While uttering those words, she rapidly raised her eyes, and regarded Frederic with a penetrating and furtive glance, that pierced him to the heart.

"Why!—ah, good Heaven, if I could only have done so?"

"If you could have done so! What has prevented it for more than a year, that—"

Constance suddenly felt her imprudent vivacity; she ceased speaking, and blushed deeply.

"That is true!" cried Frederic, "for more than a year I have sighed for the happiness I now enjoy—for more than a year—"

The doors were suddenly thrown open, and he became silent.

THE ENTRANCE OF BARON GROSSENSTEIN.

"Enter, my lord Baron, I pray you," said Count Rosenheim, "I am delighted that you have deigned to honor us with this visit."

"Good Heaven," said Constance, suddenly, who had become deadly pale, "that man again; I detest him. Frederic, I beseech you, save me from this visit—give me your arm, and let us go into the garden."

While speaking, she passed her arm within that of the young man, who, strongly moved by this unhoped-for familiarity, pressed it lightly to his heart.

Baron Grossenstein approached. He was a short, stout man, of about fifty years of age, whose restless eyes denoted much vivacity—and whose look, at once cunning and cold, inspired an involuntary antipathy.

"How!" said he, with a polite air to Constance, "are you about to flee from me, my charming young lady?"

"I, sir!" replied Constance, in embarrassment; and not knowing what to say, she looked to Frederic, as if imploring his assistance.

"I do not think it is the young lady's intention to shun you, sir," said Frederic, smiling—"but I am leading her away; she has promised to show me the gardens—and I pray her to perform that promise."

"Indeed!" replied the Baron, with a contemptuous tone and a provoking glance, "it is you, then, whom I am to thank for this!"

"As you please, my lord Baron," Frederic haughtily replied.

Constance, frightened, pressed instinctively toward him. This scene had not escaped Count de Rosenheim, who was watching all three from a little distance.

"Frederic," said he, laughing and advancing, "I did not know your taste for horticulture. Come, I will show you my tulips."

He took the arm of the young man, and looked at his daughter, who resumed her seat, and busied herself with her embroidery. Frederic made an involuntary movement, as if to place himself again between her and Grossenstein, but the Count drew him away with a gentle violence. Frederic bowed in silence, saluted Constance respectfully, and passing before the Baron, accompanied M. de Rosenheim into the ante-chamber. There the Count extended his hand—

"Till we meet again, my young friend," said he to him, "but do not be so much of a stranger; come and dine with us to-morrow."

Frederic, confounded, pressed the Count's hand, and murmuring his thanks, withdrew.

When he gained the street, it seemed to him that everything was unsteady; that the houses were dancing around him. He pressed his hand to his forehead, as if to convince himself he still retained his reason; that he was awake; that he was not the dupe of some fantastic dream. So, he was the friend of Count de Rosenheim, who had spoken to him of his family, who had introduced him to his daughter, who had invited him to his table! Constance, too, had called him Frederic—had taken his arm! Ah, it was an event replete with happiness and amazement! He began to run, as if to dissipate by rapidity the excess of joy that almost overwhelmed him. He did not re-enter the "Golden Lion" until evening.

Scarcely had he passed the threshold, when a waiter stopped him—

"My lord Baron," said he, "here is a packet which was left for you."

"I thank you," replied Frederic.

It was a small casket and a letter. The letter contained these words—

"I am pleased with you, Frederic; you have fulfilled my intentions, and I think I have also satisfied yours. But the enjoyment of the present is not sufficient; we must also look to the future. The future, as you yourself said, depends upon courage and labor.

"The place of Counsellor Inspector of the Prince's domains is vacant. Go and ask for it. Address yourself personally to the Minister, in whose gift is, Baron de Grossenstein."

"The deuce," thought Frederic, "and our quarrel of to-day!"

"If he makes any difficulty, I send you a talisman that will bring him to reason."

Frederic hastily opened the casket; he found in it a ring which bore the motto of the impressions received from the unknown.

"If you lose the ring, you are yourself lost. Let it not leave your finger. Only show it to Grossenstein. Insist, threaten; tell him that you are not alone—that you have other resources; and do not leave his office without the appointment in your pocket. After quitting the Minister, go directly to the palace, ask for the Prince's private secretary, show him your appointment, and tell him that your wish to present yourself at the reception on Saturday night; and request him to have the goodness to mention you to his Highness.

"All this must be done *to-morrow*, after that it will be too late. When you have succeeded, you will again hear from me. Depend upon your friend. MENS CONSCIA RECTI."

"Burn this letter."

We leave Frederic in a state of overwhelming amazement.

CHAPTER IV.

"Whom shall I announce to his excellency?" asked the private secretary of Grossenstein.

"The Baron Frederic de Neuberg."

The secretary entered an inner room, and returned in a moment or two.

"His excellency is engaged; he cannot receive you at this moment. If your lordship will confide to me the object of your visit, I will do myself the honor to write and inform you when his excellency can give you an audience—"

"Pardon me," interrupted Frederic, in a firm though polite tone, "I come to speak with the minister upon affairs of the highest importance—which will not admit the least delay. I have but a few words to say. Be pleased to tell him this; say to him that the business regards himself *personally*."

The secretary bowed, and in a few minutes after introduced Frederic into the minister's cabinet. When Baron Grossenstein saw the young man, he knew him instantly, and was evidently disappointed as well as angry. He advanced with a haughty air—

"What do you want, sir?"

"I wish to speak to my lord Baron *privately*," replied Frederic, calmly; and he seated himself upon a chair placed near his escritoire.

"Bernell," said the Baron, in a voice rendered tremulous by agitation, "I will call you in a moment. Well, sir?" turning to Frederic, upon the disappearance of his secretary.

"Well, my lord Baron; I have heard that the office of Counsellor Inspector of the Domains is vacant, and I come to ask you to present me to the nomination of his highness."

The Baron was so amazed at the seeming audacity of this demand, that he absolutely leaped from his seat.

"Sir, are you a fool or mad?—that—"

"Neither, my lord Baron," Frederic replied, with great calmness, "I ask for this place—and I am sure you will grant it, when you learn my claims."

"Your claims! at your age! and—"

"Behold them," said Frederic, taking off his glove and showing the signet-ring. A frightful change passed over the countenance of the minister; he became deadly pale, his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and he gazed at the ring as if fascinated by the head of Medusa. He staggered and fell upon his seat. Frederic himself was alarmed at the effect he had produced.

But Grossenstein, with a strong effort, soon regained some degree of composure.

"Sir," said he, almost choked by his emotion, "that ring! what signifies—"

"Calm yourself, my lord Baron," Frederic said, with ironical politeness. "This ring signifies that I wish for the vacant place, and that you are about to give it to me—that is all."

"Sir, in truth—you singularly abuse—I so little expected." The minister could not proceed; he stopped speaking and passed his hand over his heated brow. He then fixed his small piercing eyes with so hateful and menacing an expression upon the youth, that the latter almost trembled. He, however, soon rallied, and replied in a tone of mock humility, at the same time amusing himself by turning the ring round and round upon his finger.

"I shall owe you a debt of deep gratitude, my lord, for the ready willingness with which you are about to expedite my nomination. I await this slight token of your usual and habitual kindness."

"Sir," replied the minister, endeavoring to regain his composure, "I do not rightly understand why you presume upon the possession of that ring to—"

"My lord Baron, I presume that you will give me the place that I ask, and nothing more. As for the rest, and to avoid all useless discussion and delay, I ought to tell you that this little ring is but a slight token of what I possess; that I am not absolutely isolated in the world, and that I have powerful friends, and after this brief and candid explanation, I doubt not you will be glad to rank me among yours."

Frederic, during this speech, which he accompanied by a mocking bow, watched the effect it produced upon the minister, and saw that he was completely disconcerted.

"Sir," replied the latter, after a short pause and with a strong effort, "I am in truth glad to think that we *may* live in good understanding with each other. It even seems to me that we may be mutually useful. With regard to the place you seek, you must know, that it will be very difficult for me to induce the Prince to accept a counsellor young as you are. Nevertheless, be assured I will use my best exertions; I hope to succeed, and to give you an early proof of it. So I enjoy the pleasure of seeing you again very soon."

He rose while uttering these words; but Frederic calmly retained his seat.

"Your pardon, my lord minister; but I am convinced you will be kind enough to give me an immediate appointment to this place."

"How, sir?"

"Even so, my dear Baron! it is a little favor which I expect from you. I know the old popular proverb; you will pardon me for quoting it here; 'One bird in hand is worth two in the bush;' and I am firmly resolved not to go hence without the appointment in my pocket."

"Sir—"

"It is even so, my dear Baron!" replied Frederic, calmly crossing one leg over the other. "I rely on your goodness, and your indulgence."

It would be difficult to describe the impotent wrath of the minister, and the different expressions of hate, fear and passion that were successively depicted upon his face.

"So!" he muttered at last, between his clenched teeth, "I see you have carefully combined your plans, my young friend; it is well! very well! but you have not perhaps reflected upon the results; that is true; but—so be it. You take advantage of your position, to-day—well, mine may come to-morrow. In the meantime we will finish—the less said, the better."

"I entertain the same opinion," said Frederic, calmly.

The minister rang furiously. "Bernell!"

"My lord Baron!" said the secretary, appearing at the door.

"Put the seal of state to the appointment for the office of Counsellor Inspector of the Domains, which I handed you yesterday, and fill up the blanks with the name of Baron Frederic de Neuberg. Do it quickly and bring it here."

After the lapse of a few minutes Bernell reappeared, bringing the document. Grossenstein signed it, and gave it with a grateful bow to Frederic.

"My lord Baron," said the young man, "I return you my grateful thanks. There is nothing I would not do for the service of the Prince, and you may assure him of my devotion. With regard to yourself, my lord, I trust there is no necessity to give utterance to the sentiments I experience!"

"Very good, very good, Baron de Neuberg; I am pleased to see you in so excellent a disposition, and you may be equally certain of my feelings for yourself."

After this mutual irony, Frederic again respectfully saluted him, and was conducted to the door by Bernell; the latter utterly confounded by the turn affairs had taken.

Frederic did not forget the instructions he had received; he hastened to the palace, and was announced to the Prince's private secretary as "Counsellor Inspector of the Domains."

The secretary, notwithstanding his evident surprise, received him graciously. Frederic exhibited his appointment, and said—

"I was anxious, sir, to meet you, to present, as soon as possible, my personal respects, and to assure you of the zeal which I hope to bring to the exercise of my duties. The gratitude that I feel for so great a favor emboldens me to say that my exertions shall be unremitting to evince my worthiness of it. I am impatient to lay the tribute of my thanks at the feet of his highness, and to assure him of my devotion to his service. I hope, with your consent, to be presented at the approaching reception on Saturday, and I beg you to place my name on the list of persons admitted to that honor."

"You may assure yourself, Baron, that I will not fail. I will take note of it immediately. His highness shall be informed, and I doubt not he will be well satisfied with your earnest zeal."

The private secretary himself appeared also much pleased with the frank and polite demeanor of Frederic, and when the young man rose to depart, he conducted him into the ante-chamber with so marked an attention, that the numerous applicants in attendance there regarded him as a most important personage, and envied him accordingly.

"Take the address of Baron de Neuberg, Counsellor Inspector," said the secretary to one of the clerks. Then with a polite bow, "Adieu, Baron, till Saturday."

Frederic saluted him and departed.

In the meantime, Baron Grossenstein had written in all haste the following note—

"Amelia! The devil has risen, the devil is unchained! We are upon the brink of the infernal abyss. I must see you. Come quickly, and bring Ludolph. BARON DE G."

And he sent it to the Marchioness de Zeft, the Prince's favorite. After this he went immediately to the palace. Upon his entrance he met the private secretary.

"So, my lord Baron," said the latter, "it seems you have already appointed a Counsellor Inspector! I congratulate you—he is very young—but yet—appearances are in his favor."

"You think so!" replied Grossenstein with a strange smile. "I believe, indeed, that he is capable, very capable. I think he will be attentive to business. We shall be satisfied with him."

The Baron, however, was plainly disconcerted by the rapidity of Frederic's movements; for when again alone, he uttered a deep oath, accompanied by a gesture of disappointed malice.

Nor was the young man himself without disquietude. Although confiding in the hidden and seemingly magic power, that overcame every difficulty in his path, he could not conceal the fact, that of all the enterprises he had undertaken this last was by far the most difficult; and he feared its results. The rage of Grossenstein, he was convinced, would seek every opportunity for revenge, and he knew not how to guard against his anticipated attacks. Remembering the invitation which he had received from the Count de Rosenheim, he determined to profit by it and to ask his counsel for his future conduct.

CHAPTER V.

The dinner to which the Count de Rosenheim had invited him, was altogether a family affair. The conversation was extremely animated, and the emotion of Frederic, and the singular situation in which he was placed, added to his usual flow of spirits, a feverish excitement that was evinced by extraordinary liveliness and vivacity. Constance listened with undisguised pleasure, and the Count was evidently delighted with his young companion. Frederic, on his part, no longer remembered the character which the latter had acquired for sternness and severity. He saw that these were for the public only, and that in his domestic intercourse, M. de Rosenheim was really a fond and indulgent parent. This discovery emboldened him to ask his advice. So, immediately after dinner, he led him aside to one of the recesses of the window, and informed him of his appointment.

"Counsellor Inspector!" cried the Count. "My young friend, accept my congratulations; it is an unexampled favor, particularly at your age. The place is an excellent one; the more so that it will place you in direct communication with the Prince. Your future fortune is in your own hands."

"I will not conceal from you, my dear Count, that I am somewhat alarmed at this unexpected favor. I am ignorant of the duties it imposes upon me, and though I am anxious to perform them with fidelity, I know not to whom to apply for instruction."

"That is a matter of great importance. Your duties embrace the only part of the administration in which the Prince is personally interested. But you will doubtless have a guide in the instructions of the minister."

"Unhappily no. I ought to tell you that I obtained the place in spite of the violent opposition of Baron de Grossenstein."

"You astonish me! The Baron has hitherto had everything his own way. If he is your enemy, you have need of both prudence and wisdom. Grossenstein is a vindictive man, by no means scrupulous; and he is all powerful here."

"Confound him," said Frederic.

"Attend to this for your future conduct. The Prince is a somewhat good, but idle and weak man. He is surrounded and governed by three persons, who play into each other's hands. Grossenstein, the minister; the Chevalier Ludolph, master of the wardrobe; and Amelia, Marchioness of Zeft, the Prince's mistress. The Prince does not love them, but he is accustomed to them, and is a creature of habit. When he throws aside his indolence, he has a just mind, elevated ideas and a feeling heart. But these moments are rare. He is fettered by idleness, and sees only with the eyes of those who besiege and direct him. It is a great misfortune—if you have a quarrel with Grossenstein, you will have the trio upon your hands; and the contest will be a difficult one, I forewarn you.

"As to the rest be wise and prudent—the Prince loves the company of the young. He is gay and affable; try to see him, and to speak with him. Your duties, in which he interests himself, will make that easy. You will please him, I am sure, and then your enemies will be obliged to be circumspect in their attacks.—Constance," said he, to his daughter, who now approached them, "M. de Neuberg has communicated to me some news which he had hitherto concealed. He is appointed Counsellor for Inspector of the Domains."

"Counsellor!" repeated Constance, smiling, "at twenty-two! That is excellent!" She made him a low bow. "At last we shall have a councillor without a wig!"

Her father laughed at her sally, and the conversation, turned aside by her pleasantry, continued in this tone—

"An idea has just struck me," said the Count at last. "Let us go to the park. Constance, get yourself ready. You can ride?" he asked of Frederic.

"Yes, tolerably," replied the young man, with a modesty not quite sincere.

"Good! I will mount you on horseback, and we will accompany you in the carriage. I depend upon meeting the Marchioness de Zeft; you must attract her attention, approach her, and pay your court to her in such a manner as to convince her that you wish nothing better than to change the trio to a quartette. But above all, you must not let it appear that you know us. I warn you that we are in bad repute at court."

During this conversation, Constance made her appearance, equipped for the ride, and they set out.

"We are fortunate! There is the Marchioness," said the Count; "look at that elegant carriage—she is there, with Ludolph and another. Hasten to her side, young cavalier, and," he added, in a lower tone, "be courteous and gallant."

Frederic replied by a bow, and galloped off. He gradually approached the carriage of the Marchioness, curbing his fiery steed with masterly skill, and doing all in his power to attract her attention.

Amelia de Zeft had been, and still was, beautiful. She was one of those women, few, indeed, in number, against whom time seems powerless, and who contend with him with so much art and success, that they conceal, if they do not altogether efface, all traces of his course. Dazzling at a distance, fascinating when near, we hesitate to attribute the graces they possess to aught else than the freshness of youth, which, however, has long since fled them. Amelia was not young; but no one thought her old. She had seen more than thirty years—perhaps forty—and it might be even more—no one knew, and no one cared to know.

Such was the impression she made upon Frederic, and on his part, he had been closely observed by the Marchioness. The pleasing appearance of the young man, his elegant form, and the address with which he managed his horse, drew upon him the scrutinizing glance of the great lady.

"Who is that young man?" she asked, "I have never met with him anywhere."

"Nor I," replied Ludolph; "he is probably some nameless adventurer."

"Not so," interrupted the third person, who was no other than the private secretary. "He is Baron Frederic de Neuberg, lately appointed *Counsellor Inspector.*"

"Ah!" cried the Marchioness, with a movement of lively surprise. "That—that young man?"

Frederic, in the meanwhile, had been gradually approaching the carriage, and having recognized the private secretary, and remembering the advice of Count de Rosenheim, determined upon making a bold stroke. He rode close to the carriage, and said in a tone at once gay and respectful—

"Sir Secretary, I come to ask you to do me a signal service, for which I shall be eternally grateful."

"Willingly, Counsellor, if it is in my power."

"I burn with the desire to offer my respects to the Marchioness de Zeft. As I have not the honor of being known to her, I beg of you to give me an introduction."

At the same time he bowed gracefully to the beautiful Marchioness.

"In truth, Counsellor, the task you give me is no difficult one; the Marchioness already knows your name, and therefore—"

"And therefore," she interrupted, smiling, "the introduction is already made."

"It remains, then, to learn if it be favorably received, and if I may hope that my homage is acceptable."

"It seems that you doubt it, then?"

"I am too anxious not to fear."

"Very well replied! Modesty is always becoming to young people. But I confess I did not suspect you capable of it."

"I!—and why not?"

"Because I have heard that you are very bold."

"Possibly—I know of but one thing that could alarm me."

"And what is that?"

"The frown of a beautiful woman."

"That is something. Well, we have made a good beginning!"

The conversation continued in this piquant tone, and became as animated as possible. The carriage was driven at a slow pace, and Frederic, managing his horse with one hand, supported himself by the other, leaning upon the door of the carriage, and towards the lady.

This lasted for some time; at last they separated. The Marchioness and her party returned to the palace, and Frederic rejoined at a gallop the carriage of Count de Rosenheim, who was driving back to his own residence.

"Well, young cavalier!" said the Count to him, "the battle was well fought. I watched you from a distance; you must have been quite charming!"

"You are amusing yourself at my expense," replied Frederic.

"Not so; I give you but your due praise, my friend. I am well satisfied, and I predict you will make your way at court."

Constance was silent, and appeared sad. All Frederic's efforts to recall her gaiety were useless. She merely directed to him a glance of discontent, and when she alighted from the carriage, left him with a grave adieu.

"Good heaven! my dear Count!" said the youth, in great agitation, "I fear that I have offended, but unknowingly and unintentionally, your beautiful daughter. May I presume to ask you to explain to her the manner in which I have acted this evening, and the motives of my conduct?"

"Be satisfied, Frederic," the Count laughingly replied; "I will take care to tell her that you acted by my advice, and that I am well pleased with your conduct. Let us see you again soon."

He extended his hand and rejoined his daughter.

Frederic regained his hotel, overwhelmed by a crowd of different emotions. He saw himself driven into a career that was beset with unseen obstacles and dangers, against which he was every moment liable to stumble; he felt himself to be the principal actor in a dramatic mystery, of the denouement of which he alone was ignorant, and obliged to improvise his own part, while all the others appeared well acquainted with theirs. He in vain endeavored to solve the motives of that hidden power that had raised him to his present height, whence a single act of imprudence would inevitably precipitate him. The longer he pondered the greater seemed the mystery, his efforts were useless, and he therefore endeavored to forget it in the enjoyment of the present.

On the following morning he received a second letter and an enormous package. The former ran thus:—

"I owe you every praise, my dear Frederic. You have succeeded; but we must not sleep upon success. You have incurred great enmity. Grossenstein seeks the hand of Constance, he will pardon neither your successful rivalry nor your appointment. He is a dangerous enemy; be always armed, and go out as little as possible alone.

"I advise you to seek your former friends at the University. Give them the means of enjoyment, and defray the expenses. You must have a carriage and a servant in livery. Go to Muhlenberg and demand one thousand florins from him; he will give them without difficulty.

"You have begun well with the Marchioness. Continue your game, and make her believe you willing to play the part of Ludolph, with the advantage of youth on your side. You must please the Prince. I send you complete instructions for the proper discharge of your duties as Inspector. The portions marked with red ink are the most important; you must study them diligently. The Prince interests himself in these details; you will find there his own views and opinions, which were opposed by the late Inspector. Make yourself well acquainted with them, and detail them to him with confidence. It will delight him. As to the rest, I see that I can trust to the sagacity of your judgment, and the readiness of your wit. Consequently this will suffice for the present.

"I will write again before the reception. Count upon your friend, M. C. R."

This letter gave Frederic ample cause for reflection.

"Be armed!—not to go out alone! It seems to me he ought to send me another talisman to render me invulnerable, or at least some sovereign balm, for the preservation of life. But I must follow his counsel, get around me a body guard of students, and study those abominable pages."

After this reflection, he went to the banker Muhlenberg, who already knew of his appointment, and who counted out to him the money required, observing, with a laugh, that it was in advance of the first quarter of his salary. Provided with the money he returned to the Golden Lion. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

The POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

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PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, EMMA ALICE BROWNE, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the following novelet, WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

THE UNKNOWN FRIEND.

The following—WHICH WILL ALSO BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH ENGRAVINGS—will be published in due season:—

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY,

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

In addition to our original novelets, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

POPULAR FALLACIES.

As it is of considerable importance in times like these, that erroneous views as to financial affairs should not be generally cherished, we propose in this article to examine a few opinions that we consider popular fallacies. And, in doing this, we shall not pretend to any infallibility on our own part. Our own views may be the fallacies, and those we controvert be based upon truth—but, in either case, little harm can result from inciting the minds of our readers to an investigation of subjects upon which it is important that right opinions should be held.

Let us take first what we consider a fallacy, expressed in the following extract from a contemporary:—

The paper money of our banks, as long as they are unable to redeem it, is intrinsically worth about half a cent per note! The pictures of such banks as people believe are all right and will eventually redeem them, they will of course be willing to receive and pay at their nominal value, though to convert them into coin, it would cost about four cents on the dollar.

We know not how serious our contemporary was in making the above italicised assertion—but a good many men are serious in proclaiming the same thing. Now this we hold to be a fallacy—one self evident on its face. For if a certain "piece of paper" be really only worth about half-a-cent, how is it that it can be exchanged or sold, payable in flour, meat, dry-goods, gold, &c., for almost its nominal value?

Of course, the intrinsic value of a bank-note, as of any other legal paper or obligation, is not in the mere value of the paper on which it is written or printed, but in the engagement expressed thereupon. The title deeds to a handsome property, though the parchments upon which they are written may not be worth half-a-cent, are really worth—not by any fiction, but in fact and verity—the value of the property which they convey.

Involved in this popular fallacy—as with all respect to those who differ from us, we hold it to be—is another, and a very popular one. This is, that gold and silver have in themselves a peculiarly real and substantial value, as it were—which other forms of property, such as houses, lands, flour, iron, coal, &c., do not possess. In other words, that a promise to pay so much gold and silver on demand, is really and *intrinsically* more valuable than a promise to pay so much flour, coal, or iron on demand. But is it so? What peculiar *intrinsic*, unartificial value is there in gold, for instance? It seems to us that intrinsically, really, gold is not so valuable a substance as either wheat, iron, or coal. Let any one ask himself, whether it would not be better for the world to be deprived of all the gold that is in it, than of all the iron or wheat. We think the common sense of the great majority of men would decide that, *intrinsically*, gold is not a very valuable commodity.

It strikes us, therefore, that it is a popular fallacy to suppose the great value of gold to be natural and intrinsic—the fact being that its value is to a rather unusual degree, not intrinsic and natural, but artificial. Gold and silver have been adopted as the currency of the world—not of particular nations only, but of the whole civilized world—and this has given these metals an artificial value, far greater than that which they naturally possess. For instance, when this continent was discovered, the native inhabitants were amazed at the avidity displayed by the Spanish visitors and conquerors for gold. Gold, to the Peruvian or Mexican, did not seem so peculiarly precious a commodity. It was not good to eat, not particularly *useful* to them in any way. They did not know that the Spaniards longed for its possession, not because of its natural, but of its artificial value.

We hold it, therefore, to be a fallacy, that gold and silver would be held at anything like their present values, were they not the recognized "legal tender" not only of this country, but of the world.

Another popular fallacy, as we imagine it connected with the above, is the idea that a Bank note is the *representative* of as much gold and silver as it calls for.

Think a moment, intelligent reader, upon this matter. It has always been held to be sound doctrine, that banks might be safely allowed to have three dollars in bank notes to every dollar of specie in their vaults. But even saying that they were allowed to have only two dollars in notes to one of specie—and banking probably would not *pay* with less than that—how could a thousand dollars of notes be considered a fair *representative* of only half that amount of specie?

Now is it not therefore clear, that, under the banking system—managed even in perfection—the notes can never be justly said to *represent* coin. They represent the assets of the Bank—which are always partly coin, but mainly the bills payable of the merchants, store-keepers, manufacturers, mechanics, &c., to whom it has loaned the bank notes in question, taking *their* promises to pay in exchange. It has loaned its own credit, and taken credit—that of Individuals—in return.

This fallacy which we are considering seems to us a very mischievous one. For the great mass of people, who do not look beneath the surface of things, are led to fancy, when a sudden alarm caused them to turn their attention to the Banks, that things are a great deal worse than they really are. They say, in consternation, why the Banks have not one dollar of specie for three of paper—not one dollar of specie, perhaps, for six to ten of notes and deposits—and, thinking that all is up with them, they commence a "run" which absolutely forces a suspension.

Now, if we are to continue the Banking System, we must try to extend a correct knowledge of what that system really is—so that more may not be expected of it by the public than it was created to perform. You cannot manufacture an institution, three-fourths credit, one-fourth cash—and then expect it to do a cash business whenever "hard times" come.

It appears to us that the most effectual mode of counteracting this fallacy, is the adoption of that part of the New York system of Free Banking, which requires the Banks to deposit State Stocks with an officer of the State government, as a security for the ultimate payment of their notes. A statement that this security exists, being engraved upon the notes, the public at large into whose hands they fall, are effectually disabused of the idea that the notes are really representatives of so much specie in the vaults of the banks. They begin to see that there is other property that can be represented, besides gold and silver—and that the notes represent their full value in the Bonds of the State, and will therefore ultimately be redeemed at their full value, even if the Banks should suspend specie payments. Now this knowledge tends of course to prevent a panic and a run upon the Banks; and probably it is almost entirely owing to this State Bond security, that there was no "run" upon the Banks of New York, notwithstanding the contagion of the "run" in Philadelphia. New England, we believe, has not the New York system—but her people are probably well acquainted with the principles upon which the Banks are really constructed; and, further, the New York Banks acted like a breakwater, to keep off the force of the Philadelphia suspension.

One fallacy more, as we consider it, we may be allowed to notice at this time. That is, the fallacy that the Banks always strengthen themselves in proportion as they curtail their discounts. This fallacy is based on the idea, that because a moderate exercise of a power or faculty may result in good, therefore the immoderate exercise will result in much greater good. We all remember the anecdote of the man who thought that if "one pill a day," as the doctor prescribed, would soon cure him, the whole box of pills taken instanter would cure him at once. There is a great deal of this kind of thinking and acting in the world.

The New York Banks, after an unwise expansion in July of seven millions of dollars, contracted twenty millions in about five weeks. Of course they thought they were strengthening themselves, even if they were breaking down those who owed them; and, as to this latter matter, they justified themselves with the plea that necessity knows no law. But, it is as clear as daylight, that if the great lenders of money begin breaking up their customers, their customers' failures will finally recoil upon themselves. Therefore, it does not follow that because a contraction of one million a week might have strengthened the New York Banks, that their contraction of four millions a week was just four times better for them.

But enough for the day, of what we consider popular fallacies. We have stated our views with all deference to the opinions of others, claiming no infallibility of judgment. But we think we hear some one question—why have Banks at all? This opens too wide an inquiry for the close of an article; but one thing we may be allowed to say. With all the admitted evils of the Credit system, the freest, wisest and most practical nations have always cherished it. That seems to us no weak argument, though not, of course, a conclusive one. But if you have the Credit system, you must have something in the shape of notes or bills-payable, to represent and embody that Credit. The choice is then between the paper made by Individuals, and that made by Corporations. In a country like this, you cannot bring things down to the specie, ready-cash standard, without laying such heavy fetters upon Trade and Industry as they will not bear. In proof of this, we have the fact that in cases of Bank suspensions, and the calling in of Bank notes, a vast horde of other paper currency—composed of individual notes, the notes of large towns, the notes of private bankers, &c., vulgarly called "shinplasters"—rushes in to supply their place. Now it seems to us that, as a practical matter, the choice is between the notes of incorporated Banks, which can be controlled in a degree, and can be made reasonably responsible—and the shin-plaster currency. Believing this, we feel disposed to give the preference decidedly to the former. The Banking system is by no means perfect, and probably never can be made so. If it could be made perfect, however, it doubtless would be liable to be mismanaged, so long as we have men, and not angels, for Bank Directors. But that Private Bankers would be more watchful of the signs of the times, less disposed to expand in good weather and contract in bad, and not so much given to getting more than the legal rates of interest, we do not at present believe.

DID NOT KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THE MONEY.—The following instance, as we learn through a friend, recently transpired in New York.

A gentleman having ten thousand dollars deposited with one of the banks, and beginning to doubt its solvency, drew out that amount—insisting upon having the whole in specie, and getting it. Having his $10,000 all safe, he felt highly elated—but, in a short time, came the question what to do with his treasure. He did not like the idea of keeping it in his house—the danger of its being stolen, and of himself being murdered perhaps by burglars to conceal the theft, being far too palpable. Finally, therefore, he concluded to deposit it again, choosing another bank. But when he went to open the new account, the Bank officers insisted upon knowing where he got so much specie. "I drew it out of the ——— bank," he replied. "Then," said they (in accordance, as we understand, with an agreement between the banks of that city), "we cannot receive your deposit." An application to another bank, met with the same question as to where he got the specie, and the same refusal to open an account with him. And, finally, knowing not what else to do with the money, the gentleman went back with the gold to the bank from which he had drawn it, and begged them to receive it again on deposit, to which they laughingly consented.

This story illustrates two things—the service which banks really perform to the community by accepting the custody of the gold and silver; and the modes resorted to by the New York banks at this time to prevent their depositors from drawing specie from them.

THIS YEAR AND LAST.—The imports at New York for September, 1857, are more than a million of dollars *less* than for September 1856. The specie exported from New York, was only about $13,000 more than the amount imported. This show is very favorable. Fewer foreign goods coming in, little specie going out.

On the other hand, in September of last year, New York exported over seven millions of domestic produce—this September she has only exported about *four* millions. The reason doubtless is the contraction of the currency, which has prevented the shipment of produce from the West to New York. It is to be hoped that the means will soon be found to bring on this produce, which will not only pay a great amount of debts, but give a large business to the railroads this fall and winter.

THE SUSPENSION.

As we write this, it appears almost certain that the Legislature of this State will legalize the suspension of specie payments by the banks for a limited period—say till somewhere between March and July next. If this be done, it will be at the request of the great mass of the business men of the State, without regard to their politics. As to the effects of a suspension of specie payments, we may be allowed to make a few remarks.

In the first place, everybody grants that suspension is an evil—the argument for it being that it is not so great an evil as that under which we are now laboring, a general withdrawal of currency and confidence. It should therefore be only temporary, as we give stimulants to one caught in a storm, and ready to perish, until nature has had time to restore the balance of circulation and the vital heat. How is suspension to do this?

First, it is designed to substitute a legal confidence in the banks, the voice of the representatives of the State, for the individual confidence heretofore felt in them. Instead of every man's resolution not to run upon the banks, we have the voice of the majority resolving that there *must not* be any run upon them for a certain period. Under this legalized confidence—this voice of the people, speaking through their authorized representatives—the banks will proceed to loan out their notes again to the community, in exchange for the business notes of individuals. Private capitalists—always even more easily frightened than the banks themselves—will follow suit, and begin to loan out their hoarded treasure also. Business will revive, manufactories once more be set in motion, stocks rise in value—there beginning to be buyers of these, as well as sellers—best of all, the loans of the banks will be used in buying the surplus produce of the agricultural districts, to forward it to the Atlantic ports and to Europe—with these notes the farmers will pay the storekeepers, the storekeepers the Eastern merchants—while the produce will cross the ocean, much of it, to pay our debts abroad.

Our readers remember the old nursery story, how when ox would not drink water, water would not quench fire, fire would not burn stick, and stick would not do something or other needful, we forget what—but when the first named party was once set going again, the whole circle moved on in the performance of the duties required of them. So it will be, it is believed, when the waves of an unfettered currency begin to flow once more.

And now, for the dangers of such a state of things. Because expansion and stimulation are sometimes needed, we must not stimulate a weak man too much, nor continue stimulation too long—lest the last error be worse than the first. If you withdraw the specie touchstone—for specie payments are mainly useful as a touchstone, to designate when bank expansions are going too far—bank-directors must be doubly careful. Let them resolve to confine their loans strictly to business paper, and to paper with which collaterals of an undeniable margin and character are deposited. If they insist upon these two points, there is not much danger, just now, of a too great expansion. And, with the limited importations which these times will inevitably produce, and the going forward of the surplus grain and cotton crops to Europe, the banks will find themselves in a position next Spring or Summer to resume specie payments.

We do not know that it is a thing to be regretted—for it is "a fault which leans to virtue's side"—the tendency at present in the popular mind to even overrate the evils of a suspension. The principal evils of former suspensions, have arisen from the springing up, in a night as it were, of a worthless crop of paper toadstools, called shinplasters—issued often by men and corporations possessing no real capital, and from which the community suffered great losses. None of this brood should be tolerated a moment. With an effectual smothering down of these devices of unscrupulous men—the evils of suspension will be greatly lessened. The Bank of England, for the twenty-five years ending in 1822, was in a state of suspension. And yet England waged her great war with Napoleon during that period; and it is probable she could not have waged that war—without prostrating her trading and industrial pursuits—if the Bank had not suspended. Let us not therefore by foolish croaking, make the matter any worse than it really is. Providence favors the brave and hopeful. Even if our good ship has been driven a little too fast, and sprung a leak thereby, we shall not reach the harbor of safety any sooner, by taking in *all* sail, and lying weltering helplessly like a log in the trough of the ocean. A little courage, a little daring, a little imprudence even, is often far better than a sluggish, do-nothing despondency, which croaks down every proposition that promises safety, because no course of action can be shown to be without its peculiar dangers.

DID NOT DO IT.—We announced in our last paper, that the New York banks had resolved to increase their discounts three millions of dollars. Notwithstanding this resolution, the weekly statement proved that their loans had been curtailed nearly two millions, instead of being increased three—that about five millions of their deposits had been withdrawn—and that, worst feature of all, their specie had been reduced about two millions, in the face of an arrival of over a million from California!

Some newspaper editors in this city, who seem to take their cue from the New York editors, have been prophesying a great flow of specie and business to New York as a consequence of the present position of her banks. These are also the men who advise "contraction"—"further contraction"—"still further contraction"—as the panacea for all parties, banks, merchants, and laboring classes, at this time. We do not wish to be disrespectful, but really these gentlemen remind us of Dr. Sangrado, with whom "bleeding" was the universal cure-all. Lessening the currency, they think, will give the financial body strength; as Sangrado argued relative to withdrawing the vital blood from his sick patients. Well, gentlemen, in our humble opinion, you will see that it will not work so. If the Banks pursue the advised course, they will first break all the merchants and manufacturers, throwing thousands of people out of employment—greatly injure the farming community—and finally have to go into liquidation themselves. Already bank-stock is depreciating greatly, under the effects of the same depleting process which has injured railroad stocks.

The merchants of New York feel this, and have declared the absolute necessity of an increase of bank loans to the amount of seventeen millions of dollars—seven millions to be loaned to the community at once. But the Banks hesitate—fearing that one day's panic might force them into a suspension, which even the people themselves could not legalize, except by amending the Constitution—a long process.

How things are working in New York, the list of failures that we quote this week, will best inform our readers. It includes twenty in Boston, fifty in New York, and seven in Philadelphia, while the rest are scattered through the country. New York may be reaping a great deal of glory (in the opinion of some) through the present equivocal position of her banks; but she is certainly reaping a great deal of whirlwind.

THE ARCHITECTS OF RUIN.

Credit is a very ticklish thing. A perfectly solvent mercantile firm could be ruined by a detractor who was allowed to go on unchecked in a course of misrepresentation and slander. So evident is this, that the law will punish any one who attempts thus to injure his neighbor. Can it it be wondered then, that the organized attempt of a party of gambling speculators and brokers, to "bear" down the stock of a railroad, a bank, or other incorporated company, should so often prove successful. They predict the ruin of such a company, they whisper doubts of its solvency, the Company finds its monetary operations hampered on every side by such whispers, and—finally—the predictions fulfill themselves. The *London Times* recently said:—

"Nothing is easier than to ruin a bank, and in England, in consequence of this facility, such attempts are classed with the worst offences. At this moment two persons are lying in Newgate for endeavoring indirectly, in a particular case, to excite public distrust; and although one of them was a man of respectability, who acted upon a fancy that he had been personally injured, no one has been found to utter a complaint of the severity of the sentence. In New York on this point there is perfect freedom. Hence no institution is spared, and, indeed, the leading concerns are the first to be attacked, since if these can be broken the minor ones are sure to follow."

In order to prevent, in some degree, the mischief done by these architects of ruin, all sales of stock on *time* should be rigorously prohibited by law. These gamblers buy and sell stocks, deliverable at a future day—often months distant. This interval is employed in striving, in all sorts of ways, either to raise or lower the price of the stock they have bought or sold, as their interests may dictate. Gambling in stocks cannot, of course, be entirely prevented; but it can be greatly lessened, by making it illegal and disreputable, and forcing it into secret holes and corners, like other kinds of gambling.

NOT A PANIC.—Certain presses reject the idea that at least three-fourths of the present great financial convulsion is the result of a mere panic, because, as they urge, of the seriousness of the difficulty. But the history of the world is full of instances where slight causes have produced very serious and disastrous effects.

Let us suppose a not uncommon case. A fire breaks out in a crowded theatre. The fire is really dangerous, doubtless—but, so far as the fire is concerned, not one person need be injured. Prudence and calm composure would extricate the whole crowd without a burn. But suppose a panic ensues. Hundreds may be trampled to death—a result not properly attributable to the fire, but to the folly and cowardice of the crowd.

So it is often with accidents to steamboats—hundreds of lives are lost through the mere results of panic; especially when the officers of the boat themselves are the first to take fright.

Now, as to the present financial convulsion we hold it to be three-fourths the effect of panic—beginning with those influential officers of the financial bank, the bank directors of New York. There was danger, no doubt. But when the raised the cry "save yourselves"—and themselves acted upon it—the panic communicated itself to all the other banks, and to the whole mercantile and financial community. Now that things have settled down enough to enable sensible men to look around them, they say "Where is the danger, where?" but are appointed to nothing at all commensurate to the alarm. The truth is, the bankers of New York city were panic-struck, and as always do in such cases, made matters just four times worse than there was any need of their being.

☞ "Papa, have guns got legs?" "No." "How do they kick, then?" "With the breeches, my son!"

☞ "Of course you were in raptures with the Venus de Medici?" said our friend to an American just from Florence. "Well, sir, I'll tell you the truth, I don't care much about those stone gals," was the reply he received. Our friend collapsed.—*Blackwood's Magazine*

☞ A STRICT CONSTRUCTIONIST.—*Boy.*—You don't want to buy any wood, do you?

Quaker.—Friend, thee first tellest a lie and then thee askest a question.

☞ Keep your soul in a state to desire that there is a God, and you will never doubt it.

☞ A rustic poet sends to an exchange following poem on a "Squirl," remarking that he is aware that the last line is a *little too long*, which he says is not his fault:

"The squirl am a nice bird,
And has a bushy tale,
He sometimes sits upon a lim,
And sometimes on a rale,
And gethers nuts in the Summer so that his Winter stock won't fail.

☞ Among the miscellaneous articles left in the carriages of the Aberdeen Railway, and sold in Castle street under the sheriff's warrant the other day, was a pair of crutches. The remarks of the bystanders were more varied than conclusive. "Weel," said one, "is, na' surprisin' that ony lamiter wad na hae missed his staves?" "I'll tell ye," said a second "it's been a thimbler." "No," said a third "it's been some chiel that hasna paid his fare and has had to rin."

☞ LADY.—Are you the new servant?

Servant Girl.—Servant, ma'am? Oh, not at all. I'm the young lady wot boards here and assists in the housework.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Paris never appears more brilliant than when the beholder has been for a few weeks on the other side of the Channel. Magnificent as was the weather during the recent flying visit of your Paris Correspondent to England, no sooner had I again landed on French soil than the astonishing clearness and sparkling brightness of the atmosphere of this country asserted their superior claim to admiration almost more vividly than ever. The intense blue of the sky, so much deeper than in England, does not seem to be made up of one uniform substance as in England; but rather to be formed of countless shining and sparkling atoms dancing in the floods of living sunlight that pour down through the transparent ether. Between two equally fine summer days on the opposite sides of the Channel there is always the same difference as between champagne in effervescence and champagne without the bubbles; and the effect of the two atmospheres on the character and temperament of those submitted to their influence, are precisely analagous to those of champagne under the two opposite conditions just mentioned. No wonder, therefore, that the French experience unwonted depression of spirits when they find themselves in "that heavy London," or that the English are getting so rapidly into the habit of preferring a month's stay in the delicious air of Boulogne, Etretat, Trouville, and Dieppe, to the usual summer visit to the heavier atmosphere of Ramsgate, Margate, Brighton, and other English watering-places so long in repute on the other side of the water.

Just now, everybody who can get to the country has deserted the town; and while, in the figurative language of newspaper chroniclers, "the grass is beginning to spring in Piccadilly," Paris is deserted by the Parisians, and though full of strangers, is about as dull as so lively a place can be. But if English life seem dull in comparison with the brilliant activity, and out-of-door existence of France, the social and rational life of the latter seems dull indeed after that of England. The simple fact that, in France, whatever is not definitely permitted by the law is held to be prohibited, while in England, whatever is not forbidden by the law is held to be permitted, explains the ceaseless activity of the latter country, and the sort of atony that pervades society here. All the activity of the French is excited by personal motives, and limited to personal aims. There is really no national life here; no steady, organized attempt to carry on the grand reforms, and to reach the noble aims, which excite so deep an interest in Anglo-Saxon communities all the world over. The French have no idea of doing otherwise than leaving all general interests in the hands of the Government; if they don't like the Government they rise up *en masse* and overthrow it, no matter at what cost; but they have no great convictions, no faith in steady effort and gradual growth, no national party. There is nothing here in any way analagous to the noble efforts that have been made of late years in England for the education of the rising generation, and for the instruction of laboring adults. One part of the French people desires to see the right of suffrage placed at once, and without any qualification, educational or pecuniary, in the hands of every adult male; the other part, very naturally, considers such a measure as injudicious; but neither of them has the slightest idea of setting on foot any large plans for educating and instructing the mass of the people. And so with regard to the questions of taxation, of the tariff, of divorce, &c. There is no general agitation of great questions, and consequently no general enlightenment, no national conviction with regard to them. In physical science, in artistic industry, and in matters of taste and amusement, the French are as active and pre-eminent as ever; but they seem to have abdicated all those rights of self government for which their Gaulic forefathers fought so heroically in the Middle Ages, and which only the Anglo-Saxon races have still at heart in modern days. And how should it be otherwise, seeing that one cannot pass from one French *commune* to another without a permit; that you are stopped at the entrance of every town, and obliged to "declare" what you have in your travelling-bag, and to pay duty on anything eatable or drinkable you happen to have bought during your rambles; that meetings of above a certain number cannot be held without permission from the police, and that *gens d'armes* mount guard at the doors of theatres and concert-rooms, and not only display their uniform and bayonets at the entrance of the churches, but actually mount guard, musket in hand, on the steps of the alter while mass is being said. True, all this is the work of the Government; but would any such government be tolerated, nay, felt to be necessary, by any Anglo Saxon community?

The court being absent from Paris—the Emperor at the Camp of Chalons, where the Duke of Cambridge is paying him a visit, and the Empress at Biarritz, where she makes frequent excursions upon her native soil, and has attended two or three bull fights, to the great disgust of her adopted country—and the worlds of fashion and letters being dispersed until cooler weather brings them back the papers, having almost exhausted their rhetoric on the subject of India and the Principalities, are coming out with biographies, statistics, learned disquisitions, and gossip, not knowing which way to turn for matter to fill their hungry columns. Thus we learn that the Austrian army, according to the latest official returns, consists of 62 regiments of the line, 12 Frontier regiments, 1 battalion of Frontier infantry, and 1 regiment of Light Infantry; 25 battalions of Chasseurs, 3 Sanitary Inspectionships, and 14 Invalid Companies; 6 companies of Discipline, 8 companies of Cuirassiers, 8 of Dragoons, 12 of Hussars, 12 of Uhlans; 12 regiments of heavy Artillery, 1 regiment of Coast guard Artillery, 1 regiment of gunners; 12 battalions of Engineers; 1 staff-battalion, 1 corps of Pioneers, 1 corps Marines, 19 regiments of Mounted Guards; several corps of Transport, and of Draught. The Supreme Military authority resides in, 1st, the Military Chancery of the Emperor; 2nd, The Superior Command, of which the Archduke William is at the head; after which come the various commanders of Divisions; and lastly, the military rulers of Territorial divisions.

To the same dearth of political intelligence, we owe the following statistics with regard to the printing department in this lively country, so much fonder of talking than of reading. France possesses 1,037 printing-establishments, and 1,092 newspapers of all kinds. The ten departments which possess the greatest share of printing establishments, are those of the Seine, the Nord, the Lower-Seine, the Pas-de-Calais, the Herault, the Calvados, the Gironde, the Upper-Garonne, the Rhone, and the Bouches du Rhone. The average gives 12 printing-houses to each department. The departments which issue the greatest number of newspapers are those just enumerated as containing the largest numbers of printing-establishments, with the addition of the Loire Loire, and the Lower Rhine. The employment of printing occupies in this country 9 500 compositors. Of these Paris counts 2,000; Lyons, 120; Bordeaux, 116; Marseilles, 112; Lille, 120; Toulouse, 102; Rouen, 90; Tours, 80; Nantes, 78; Strasbourg, 64; Besancon 60; Amiens, 54. There are about 3,000 journeymen printers, 900 correctors, porters, and clerks, and 350 *mecanicians* employed throughout the country. The printing-establishment of Mame & Co., Tours, possesses 22 presses, and prints 350 reams per day. The number of works printed yearly in France, is about 8,000; exclusive of stereotype printing, of which no returns have been made. The yearly amount of printing is valued at an average of five millions of dollars. Of this sum, the printing done in Paris, amounts, according to the renowned collector of statistics, M. Horace Say, to about three millions and a quarter, or thirteen twentieths of the whole amount.

Sundry details are also given with regard to the French post-office, which, with the exception of its general carelessness with regard to newspapers and pamphlets, and its disagreeable way of occasionally opening and stopping the correspondence committed to its care, is very well organized, its transmission of letters being, in general, rapid and safe. By one of the recent mails there arrived at Marseilles no less than 150,000 ordinary letters, 10 000 letters of the class called *lettres chargees* (on which a small extra postage is paid to ensure extra care in their delivery, a receipt being given to the sender by the post-office official, and another receipt being taken of the recipient by the postman on delivering it), and 73,000 newspapers. Fifteen post office omnibusses were required to convey this enormous mass of paper from the railway-station to the post office. The contents of this mail, which reached Marseilles at two in the morning, were sorted, and delivered, by eight o'clock.

The latest bits of gossip floating here are about the Camp of Chalons, and the doings of his majesty the Emperor in connexion therewith. It appears that, just two months ago, the Emperor sent for the directors of the Strasbourg railway and told them that he wanted a branch way laid down at once to the Camp of Chalons, which is about twenty-seven miles from the town with which it has hitherto communicated by the most execrable cross-roads, that required eight hours' hard pulling to get you over. The directors promised to make the branch, but said it would be impossible to get it done before next year.

"Messieurs," replied the Emperor, in his impassible way, "I want the branch for immediate use, and I must have it. You have sixty days for surveying the ground, making the necessary appropriations, and making the line. In sixty days you will open this branch, and continue the working of it until the breaking up of the camp. Good-morning, Messieurs."

The Emperor then turned away and left the room; the Directors looked at one another in consternation, and went off to their head-quarters, fully aware that the thing must be done. And done it was; and is now just opened, to the great delight of all whose business or pleasure take them to the camp. As to the Emperor, he has availed himself of this new facility to make a hasty visit to Paris and his lady-love, the beautiful Countess de Castiglione (whose relations with the Emperor are now openly avowed), leaving the camp on Saturday afternoon, and getting back on Sunday morning, exactly in time to attend mass, with every appearance of the utmost devotion, at the head of the army.

The Empress, meantime, is said to be devoured by jealousy and grief, which she tries in vain to forget in throwing herself into every sort of gaiety and amusement; and those who have the opportunity of judging of what is going on at Biarritz, assert that at times, she cannot control the manifestation of her feelings, but scandalizes her ladies by appearing with a very white face and very red eyes.

The poor little woman is not the first who has bartered happiness for splendor; and would seem to be learning, by bitter experience, how great a mistake is involved in such a bargain. The Emperors of France and of Russia are positively to meet in Stuttgard. The former will be the guest of the King, the latter of the Princess Royal. A soiree at the Princess's villa, at which only herself, the King, and their Imperial guests will be present, will afford a first meeting to the latter. A grand dinner, given next day by the King, will be followed by other meetings, as the Emperor Napoleon, who is expected to reach Stuttgard on the 25th of this month, will probably remain until the 28th. It is now asserted that the two Empresses will not be present at the interview.

QUANTUM.

THE TURBAN.—An Indian writer says:—"The turban is the most useful part of the Asiatic attire, far superior to the European hat in every respect; it is a handsome ornament to the human head, and repulses the severity of the sun; the hat, on the contrary, attracts it. The turban is the best means to save the life of a thirsty traveller in the deserts and jungles, where there is no water to be had except in deep wells. In such a crisis, the precious liquid can be drawn by the aid of a turban with great ease. A silken turban's softness guards the head from the cut of a sharp sabre, better than a helmet; it can serve the purposes of bandages for wounds on important occasions, when surgical aid is wanting and not at hand; and many other advantages can be derived from it, which, if described, would take up time and space unaffordable here."

☞ There are over one hundred women regularly educated in medicine, and practising as physicians in the United States.

THE COLD BEFORE SUNRISE.

Among the Annotations of Archbishop Whateley, in his admirable edition of Bacon's Essays, we find a few pointed and interesting observations upon early rising, annexed to the essay on the "Regimen of Health." In this essay Bacon makes no reference to hours of sleep, and it is to supply this deficiency that his editor has collected a few facts upon this much-mooted subject. Among these facts he states the following:

"One other circumstance connected with early hours has been hitherto accounted for—namely, the *sudden* cold which comes on just at the *peep of dawn*. Some say that the earth is gradually cooling after the sun is set, and consequently the cold must have reached its height just before the return of the sun.

"This theory sounds plausible to those who have little or no experience of day-break; but does not agree with the fact. The cold does not gradually increase during the night; but the temperature grows alternately warmer and colder, according as the sky is *clouded* or clear. And all who have been accustomed to night travelling must have often experienced many such alternations in a single night. And they also find that the cold at day break comes on very *suddenly*, so much so, that in spring and autumn it often happens that it catches the earth worms, which, on mild nights, lie out of their holes; and you may often see a whole grass-plot strowed with their frozen bodies in a frosty morning. If the cold had not come very suddenly, they would have had time to withdraw into their holes.

"And any one who is accustomed to go out before daylight will often, in the winter, find the roads full of liquid mud half an hour before dawn, and by sunrise as hard as a rock. Then those who had been in bed will often observe that 'it was a hard frost last night,' when in truth there had been no frost at all till day break. Who can explain all these phenomena?"

We think we can, and here is our explanation:—Under a clear sky the surface of the earth is cooled in a manner similar to that in which it is heated by the sun. Indeed the sky may be regarded as an immense negative sun, which receives back the heat from the earth, or, if we may so speak, radiates cold upon the earth as the sun radiates heat. Clouds and mists intercept the rays of cold from the sky as they intercept the heat of the sun; while a clear atmosphere intercepts but little of radiating heat, either from the sun or the earth.

A vertical sun loses about one quarter of its heating power in the atmosphere, and though at lower altitudes it loses still more, yet this lost heat is scattered through a long waste of air, while the principal part of the heat is received and concentrated on the surface of the earth. In the same way the cold rays from the sky have but little immediate effect upon a clear atmosphere, but cool the surface of earth very rapidly; hence the fall of the dew is like the condensation of moisture, in warm weather, on cold surfaces, and hence, also, those surfaces receive most dew which radiate their heat most readily.

Those variations of temperature during the night referred to by our author, which arise from the varying mists and clouds, are explained by the same principles. A clear sky cools the surface of the earth very rapidly, and this cold is transferred by conduction to the incumbent air, but when the sky is overcast, the radiation ceases, and the chill of the lower air is removed by an equalization of temperature, so that under these circumstances the night grows warm, just as the days grow cool, when the sky is covered by clouds. Now these facts will explain the "sudden cold" of the morning by the following curious paradox. It is the sun himself that first cools the earth which he is about to warm. The first rays of dawn heating those mists of the upper air which the cold of the night has collected, dissolves them and opens the sky again on the earth, and the cold rays renew with vigor their deadly assault just as they are about to yield to the life-giving rays of the sun.

Thus the sun, by indirectly cooling and then directly heating the surface of the earth, augments the rapid change of temperature in the morning.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

SUBMITTING TO WHAT?—The late Rev. Ephraim Peabody, about twenty years ago, was attacked with bleeding at the lungs, and was obliged to resign his pastoral duties at Cincinnati; his only child was laid in a New England grave; his young wife had temporarily lost the use of her eyes; his home was broken up, and his prospects were very dark. They had sold their furniture and went to board in a country tavern in the town of Dayton. One day, as he came in from a walk, his wife said to him:

"I have been thinking of our situation here, and have determined to be submissive and patient."

"Ah," said he, "that is a good resolution; let us see what we have to submit to. I will make a list of our trials. First—we have a home—we will submit to that. Second—we have the comforts of life—we will submit to that. Thirdly—we have each other. Fourthly—we have a multitude of friends. Fifthly—we have a God to take care of us."

"Ah," said she, "I pray stop, and I will say no more about submission."

☞ Galen and Hippocrates, the fathers of medicine attributed a powerful influence over the human body in a state of malady or health to the moon. The latter assigns to the stars as much power as the moon, and formally enjoins invalids to distrust those physicians who are not versed in astronomy. This belief in the influence of the stars is found in Pliny, who believed in their effect on vegetation, "From the milky way," he says, "a milky and fertilizing dew descends upon the earth, while the moon sends us a cold and bitter dew, which poisons the beneficent emanations of the milky way, and destroys the nascent fruits."

☞ A REPORT.—Dumas is very fond on gala days of wearing some dozen or more decorations consisting of ribbons and crosses. A friend recently protested—"You look stupid; you're a walking rainbow with these ribbons which are the color—" "Of the grapes we read of in the fable," interrupted Dumas.

FAILURES, ASSIGNMENTS, &c.

The following are the reported failures, assignments, &c., for the week, which we take from the New York papers:

The Bowery Bank, New York city.

Harper & Brothers, Publishers, New York city.

Wood & Grant, Hoppock & Greenwood, } Grocery Houses, New York.

Connelly & Adams, G. S. Hillman, Buckley & Moore, Baptist & White, Brummell & Roysters, } Tobacco Dealers, do.

Drafts from the South on these latter firms have gone back under protest, both for non-payment and non-acceptance, and a committee has gone to Virginia to obtain if possible an extension of time.

Lyman A. George & Co., Straw and Ribbon Dealers, Boston.

Milton Gale, dealer in Oil and Leather, Boston.

Nash, French & Co., Boot and Shoe Dealers, Boston.

Harkness & Stead, Manufacturers, Providence, assigned, in consequence of the failure of Nesmith & Co., and other commission houses abroad.

Marcus Hull, Hinesburg, Vt., failed and assigned.

J. W. Clarke & Co., Bankers, Boston, suspended.

Lawrence, Stone & Co., Boston, New York and Philadelphia, Dry Goods Commission Merchants, suspended.

S. Frothingham, Jr., & Co., Dry Goods Commission, Boston, suspended.

Butler, Keith & Co., Hardware, Boston, suspended.

Richardson, Kendall & Co., Dry Goods, Boston, suspended.

Dutton, Baldwin & Macomber, Dry Goods Commission, Boston, suspended.

Sweetzer, Gookin & Co., Dry Goods, Boston, suspended.

Moses Pond & Co., Stoves, Boston, suspended.

Parsons, Cutler & Co., Dry Goods, Boston, suspended; liabilities about $100,000.

Benjamin Howard, Commission, Boston, suspended; liabilities not large, and means supposed to be ample to pay in full.

Stephen Bartlett, Sugars, Boston, suspended.

Peter C. Jones, Paper, Boston, suspended.

Blake, Barnard & Co., Agricultural Implements, Boston, failed.

Proctor & Wood, Produce, Boston, suspended.

Charles Smith, Naval Stores, Boston, failed.

John Emerson, Coal, Boston, failed.

Abel Tompkins, Books, Boston, failed.

Charles Rice, Straw Goods, Boston, suspended.

I. H. Spring, Fancy Goods, Boston, failed.

Wm. Gault, Boston, gone into insolvency.

Scarrit & Hall, Waterbury, Conn., assigned.

Alexander Wood, Thompsonville, Conn., failed.

Pierre Choteau, Jr. & Co., New York city, suspended and assigned. The Iron house of P. Choteau, Jr., Sanford & Co., have not stopped, and, we are assured, will not.

Clark, Dodge & Co., Bankers, New York city, suspended.

Swift, Ransom & Co., Bankers, New York city, suspended.

Hutchinson, Tiffany & Co., Dry Goods Commission, New York city, suspended.

Pettibone & Platte, Hardware, New York city, assigned.

T. H. & E. H. Brown & Co., Dry Goods, New York city, suspended.

Herman C. Adams, New York city, assigned.

Charles A. Hands, New York city, assigned.

D. Carolin & Son, Dry Goods, New York city, suspended.

J. D. Phillips & Co., Furs, New York city suspended.

Miller, Bradley & Hall, Fancy Goods, New York city, suspended.

H. G. Nichols & Co., Iron, New York city, suspended.

Hiskox & Starr, Hats, New York city, suspended.

Dray & Sanders, Findings, New York city, failed; liabilities about $80,000.

West, Caldwell & Co., Hat Findings, New York city, suspended; ask an extension, and will undoubtedly pay in full.

Ballard, Shute & Co., Furs, New York city, suspended; ask an extension of eight months, and offer to pay in full.

Star & Underhill, Hats, New York city, suspended.

Townsend, Romar & Co., Fancy Goods, New York city, suspended.

Walker, Worth & Co., Grocers, New York city, suspended.

Sargent, Brother & Co., Hardware, New York city, suspended.

Van Valkenburgh & Co., Straw Goods, New York city, suspended.

Frank & Strauss, Clothing, New York city, suspended.

A. C. Evans & Co., Drugs, New York city, suspended.

A. G. Perry & Co., Jewelers, New York city, suspended.

Samuel Hetsling & Co., Salt, New York city, suspended.

S. Swan & Bro., Dry Goods, New York city, suspended.

Vanderburgh, Bonnett & Co., Fancy Goods, New York city, suspended.

James Cropsey, Dry Goods, New York city, failed and assigned.

A. G. Peckham, Jeweler, New York city, suspended.

R. R. Hatch, Dry Goods, New York city, failed and assigned.

W. B. McKenzie, Mantillas, New York city, failed and compromised.

McCormick & Simpson, Dry Goods, New York city, failed.

John M. Clark, Butter, New York city, failed.

Charles S. Matthews, Hotel, New York city, suspended.

Brooks & Armstrong, Dry Goods, New York city, suspended.

Ide, Felt & Hall, Straw Goods, New York city, suspended.

Ross, Newell & Co., Fancy Goods, New York city, failed.

Blake & Brown, Silk, New York city, suspended.

Hanford & Brother, Clothing, New York city, suspended.

McArthur, Byrne, Gibbons & Co., Dry Goods, New York city, suspended.

Gage, Dater & Sloans, Dry Goods, New York city, suspended.

Livingston & Ballard, Grocers, New York city, suspended.

Ely, Bowen & McConnell, Dry Goods, New York city, suspended, ask an extension, and propose to pay in full.

Yelverton & Walker, Grocers, New York city, suspended.

Chapman, Pike & Co., Fancy Goods, New York city, suspended, with liabilities of $250,000, but have a nominal surplus of $100,000.

Lee, Murphy & Avery, Straw Goods, New York city, suspended.

Mellins & Ayres, Importers, New York city, suspended.

Willetts & Co., Hardware, New York city, suspended.

Bowen, McNamee & Co., New York city, suspended, ask an extension, have a large surplus, propose to pay in full, with interest.

S. P. Burton, Albany, N. Y., assigned.

John Morris, Utica, N. Y., assigned.

Edward Rogers, West Troy, N. Y., assigned.

Rochester Novelty Works, Rochester, N. Y., assigned.

H. W. Morgan & Son, Plattsburgh, N. Y., assigned.

Powell, Ramsdell & Co., Newburgh, N. Y., suspended.

Philip B. Longford, Rome, N. Y., assigned.

Chas. C. Hart, Binghampton, N. Y., suspended.

L. W. Storms, Le Roy, N. Y., assigned.

Andrew Guttenen, Pulaski, N. Y., assigned.

Solomon Rathbun, Verona, N. Y., assigned.

Lewis Warren, Riga, N. Y., assigned.

George Warren, Riga, N. Y., assigned.

Alfred J. Wagner, Fort Plain, N. Y., assigned.

C. W. Churchman & Co., Dry Goods Commission, Philadelphia, suspended.

Rogers, Stanickson & Co., Coal, Philadelphia, suspended.

Lippincott, Collin & Co., Dry Goods, Philadelphia, suspended.

White, Stevens & Co., Sugar, Philadelphia, suspended.

John Ely & Co., Dry Goods, Philadelphia, suspended.

Allibone & Jenks, Oil, Philadelphia, suspended.

J. Halsey & Moore, Dry Goods, Philadelphia, suspended.

R. Arnold, Dry Good, Philadelphia, suspended.

Lucien Scott, Scranton, Penna., assigned.

J. M. Hughes, West Chester, Penna., failed.

R. H. Watson, Savannah, Geo., failed and assigned.

Kennet, Dix & Co., New Orleans, La., suspended.

R. W. Clarke & Bro., Bankers, St. Louis, suspended.

James H. Lucas & Co., Bankers, St. Louis, Mo., suspended.

Choteau, Harrison & Valle, St. Louis, Mo., suspended.

George M. Willing, Fulton, Mo., suspended.

Hutchings & Co., Bankers, Louisville, Ky., assigned.

John Smidt & Co., Bankers, Louisville, Ky., suspended; nominal assets, $119,532, and liabilities, $98,681; will probably soon resume.

Simon Stelman, Louisville, Ky., suspended and assigned.

Dunlavy, Drake & Co., Bankers, Cincinnati, Ohio, suspended.

Shreeve, Steel & Co., Iron, Cincinnati, Ohio, suspended—it is thought temporarily.

M. A. Raymond, Cincinnati, Ohio, assigned.

I. F. B. Jewett, Cleveland, Ohio, assigned to G. E. Herrick.

A. & L. Smith & Co., Marion, Ohio, assigned.

V. C. Hanna, Indianapolis, Ind., assigned.

Swift, Brother & Johnston, Bankers, Chicago, Ill., suspended.

Moore, Hollenbush & Co., Bankers, Quincy, Ill., suspended.

Richard B. Landon, Bloomington, Ill., failed; liabilities about $90,000.

Bardett & Sanger, Rock Island, Ill., assigned.

Connor & Jolley, Fulton City, Ill., suspended and assigned.

Davis & Barton, Janesville, Wis., assigned.

D. S. Durrie, Madison, Wis., assigned.

Green, Thomas & Co., Burlington, Iowa, suspended.

Wickersham & Williams, Davenport, Iowa, assigned.

Young, Smith & Jones, Oskaloosa, Iowa, assigned.

R. H. Brett, Banker, Toronto, C. W., assigned.

W. B. Aiken, Oakville, C. W., failed and left the place.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION FROM RUSTY IRON.—In the year 1840, Mr. March, an able chemist connected with the Royal Arsenal, discovered that it is an invariable rule with iron which has remained a considerable time under water, when reduced to small grains, or to an impalpable powder, to become red hot, and ignite any substance with which it comes in contact. This he found by scraping some corroded metal from a gun, which ignited the paper containing it, and burnt a hole in his pocket. The knowledge of this fact is of immense importance, as it may account for many spontaneous fires and explosions, the origin of which has not been traced. A piece of rusty old iron brought into contact with a bale of cotton in a warehouse, or on ship board, may occasion an extensive conflagration, and the loss of many lives. It ought to be added that the tendency of moistened particles of iron to ignite was discovered by the celebrated French chemist, Lemery, as far back as the year 1670. A subterraneous fire, producing a volcano in miniature, was spontaneously lighted up from the reciprocal actions of sulphur, iron and water. "I myself have made it more than once," says Bishop Watson, in his chemical essays, "but I have nothing material to add to his account, except that the flame, when the experiment is made in the open air, is of very short duration; and the whole mass, after the extinction of the flame, continues at intervals, for a longer or shorter time, according to its quantity, to throw out sparks." These important facts cannot be too extensively known, especially at a time when the cause of many terrific fires is involved in mystery.

☞ During the May anniversaries in New York, the following dialogue was overheard between two of the newsboys:—"I say, Jimmy, what is the meaning of so many preachers being here all together?" "Why," answered Jim, "they always meets here once a year to exchange sermons with each other."

☞ Between a man's love and a woman's love there is all the difference between lending and giving. With woman, it is a gift—with man, it is only a loan. The loan is for a moment, or for that particular evening, or it may be for six months, or perhaps, as long as six years; but with woman, the gift is one that lasts all her life.—*Punch.*

☞ "Mary, your cheeks are as red as an auctioneer's flag." "They are flags, George, and I am 'agoing' to sell my kisses to the highest bidder."

"Nowrise to wear!" Well, well, I suppose
Some ladies quite truly declare it,
For their habitual disuse of clothes
Above the waist sufficiently shows
That there, at least, as far as that goes,
They've "nothing to wear"—*and they wear it.*

☞ A writer in the Historical Magazine thinks that Congress should pass an act fixing a uniform mode for emblazoning the American flag. He counted nine different modes of arranging the stars on the last Fourth of July, and says the same question might be asked now that was asked twenty years ago, "What is the American flag?"

HAY the days when eyes looked love,
And dimples raised delight,
And the palm an answering pressure gave
As the dear voice said "Good night!"
Hey the days, the sunny days,
When trifles light as air
Could cause the fountains of the soul
To bubble fresh and fair.
Oh! they're all gone, all flown, all whirled away,
Like swallows with the summer, or the stillness-spray.

☞ Only one tenth of the human body is solid matter. A dead body weighing 120 lbs., was dried in an oven till all the moisture was expelled, and its weight was reduced to twelve pounds. Egyptian mummies are bodies thoroughly dried. They usually weigh about seven pounds.

☞ "DIED POOR."—As if anybody could die rich, and in that act of dying did not loose the grasp upon title-deed and bond, and go away a pauper, out of time. No gold, no jewels, no lands or tenements. And yet men have been buried by Charley's hand, who *did* die rich—died worth a thousand thoughts of beauty, a thousand pleasant memories, and a thousand hopes of glory.

☞ Out West the law gives damages for apparent breach of promise. The bachelors, however, obviate the difficulty by having their cards labelled "*Good for this call only!*"

☞ The population of British India is not far from 150,000,000. Of these, two or three millions consist of the indigenous races, known as Coolies. These, the Hindoos, coming from the North-West, conquered twelve or fourteen centuries before Christ, and set up several distinct sovereigns. In their turn, the Hindoos were overcome by the Mohammedans swarming from Persia and Arabia in the 10th century.

HOW TO WALK AND SIT.

Instead of giving all sorts of rules about turning out the toes, and straightening up the body, and holding the shoulders back, all of which are impracticable to many, because soon forgotten, or of a feeling of awkwardness and discomfort which procures a willing omission; all that is necessary to secure the object is to hold up the head and move on, letting the toes and shoulders take care of themselves. Walk with the chin but slightly above the horizontal line, or with your eyes directed to things a little higher than your head. In this way you walk properly, pleasurably and without any fear or restraint of awkwardness. If any one wishes to be aided in securing this habitual carriage of body, accustom yourselves to carry the hands behind you, one hand grasping the opposite wrist. Englishmen are admired the world over for their full chests, and broad shoulders, and sturdy frames, and manly bearing. This position of body is a favorite with them, in the simple promenade, in a garden or gallery, in attending ladies along a crowded street, in standing on a street, or in public worship.

Many persons spend a large part of their waking existence in the sitting position. A single rule well attended to, in this connection, would be of incalculable value to multitudes—use chairs with the old-fashioned, straight backs, inclining backward, and sit with the lower portion of the body close against the back of the chair at the seat; any one who tries it, will observe in a moment a grateful support of the whole spine. And we see no reason why children should not be taught from the beginning to write, sew and knit, in a position requiring the lower portion of the body and the shoulders to touch the back of the chair all the time.

A very common position in sitting, especially among men, is with the shoulders against the chair back, with a space of several inches between the chair back and the lower part of the spine, giving the body the shape of a half hoop; it is the instantaneous, instinctive and almost universal position assumed by any consumptive on setting down, unless counteracted by an effort of the will; hence parents should regard such a position in their children with apprehension, and should rectify it at once.

The best position after eating a regular meal is to have the hand behind the back, the head erect, in moderate locomotion, and in the open air, if the weather is not chilly. Half an hour spent in this way after meals, at least after breakfast and dinner, in early life, would add health and length of days to women and to all sedentary men. It is a thought which merits attention.—*Journal of Health.*

A WORD TO THE HOLDERS OF BANK BILLS.—In a time like this great losses on bank bills are submitted to, especially by laborers and the smaller shopkeepers, who in a moment of alarm, having little to lose, rush to the broker's office with their bills, and sell at whatever discount he pleases to charge. They take it for granted that what the broker says is all true; that he is a disinterested man, who makes it his business to watch the banks for the purpose of guarding the poor from loss, and seeing that they suffer as little as possible when bills are discredited. They do not think that it is the interest of the broker to cry down bills for the sake of buying them up, and that men in this way are making rapid fortunes out of the misfortunes of the ignorant. Twenty times the money is lost by the shopkeeper and laborer, by this very discount on bank bills, that is lost by counterfeits. The greater part of what the broker deducts goes into his own pocket. He gets very nearly or quite par from the bank, and smiles at the credulity of his victims. He is very sure not to tell the shopkeeper that all the bills in the State of New York are secured by pledges equal to gold and silver, in the hands of a public officer, and that it is next to impossible for the holder to lose by them. And so of the bank notes of other States; most of them are secured by law, or so guarded that the chances of ultimate loss to the holder are not half so great as are the chances of his being knocked on the head by a falling brick while on his way to the broker's. Even the notes of those banks that have suspended will be paid up within a short time; and yet the broker kindly takes off ten, twenty, or thirty cents from every dollar bill that the laborer and shopkeeper bring to him.

Thompson's Counterfeit Detector of this date (Oct. 1) says: You who hold bank notes lay them by and keep them out of the broker's shop, unless you must convert in order to pay your debts. You lose more by getting shaved than you would by broken banks, if you keep quiet.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

HOW TO MAKE A PANIC.—As an illustration of what slight causes are often panic-producers, we copy from Timbs' *Curiosities of History* an account of a panic in England in the year 1832:—

In May, 1832, a "run upon the Bank of England" was produced by the walls of London being placarded with the emphatic words, "to stop the Duke! go for gold!" advice which was followed as soon as given to a prodigious extent. The Duke of Wellington was then very unpopular; and on Monday, the 14th of May, it being currently believed that the Duke had formed a Cabinet, the panic became universal, and the run upon the Bank of England for coin was so incessant, that in a few hours upwards of half a million was carried off. Mr. Doubleday, in his "*Life of Sir Robert Peel*," states it to be well known that the above placards were the device of four gentlemen, two of whom were elected members of the Reformed Parliament. Each put down £20, and the sum thus clubbed was expended in printing thousands of those terrible missives, which were eagerly circulated, and were speedily seen upon every wall in London. The effect is hardly to be described. It was electric.

☞ Caroline, the wife of George II., attended at her toilet and devotions at the same time. When her nymphs were adorning her body, the chaplain, Whiston, stood at the door proffering prayers for her soul. Sometimes the nymphs would shut the door, and then the chaplain would stop. This nettled the queen, who inquired—"Why do you stop?" "Because," said the chaplain, "I do not wish to whittle the word of God through a keyhole."

AN OLD MAID'S ROMANCE.

BY HOLME LEE,
AUTHOR OF "GILBERT MASSENGER," ETC.

In every life—even the quietest, even the least disturbed and eventful—there must surely be some little vein of romance, some golden vein in the earthy ore, if we might be permitted to trace it in the sunshine. I do not like to think that any of the thousand throbbing, hoping, fearing hearts I meet can be all clay, all indurated selfishness; the hardest, most unpromising people, for aught we know, may have acted long romances in their own proper persons, and have grown cold and passive after them, to a degree that would lead one to believe they had never *felt*. There was Miss Formley of the Bank side, for instance, a maiden lady of immense antiquity, whom we used to visit when I was a little girl. She lived in a large, genteel, red-brick house, enclosed in a stiff garden, with a great iron gate guarded by grim stone lions on either side. Miss Fernley was precision and neatness personified, but her parlor was intolerably dull and gloomy; moreover, it was infested with three of the surliest cats I ever knew, and a parrot, the most vixenish of its race. I remember with awe the solemn tea-parties, to which all the children of her acquaintance were annually invited. Depression fell on my spirits as the gate clanged behind me; by the time my bonnet and cloak were taken off I was rigid; and when I was set down on a stool, at a considerable distance from the fire, but within reach of the cats, I was petrified into stupidity for the rest of the night. Miss Fernley delighted in me accordingly; she was accustomed to say to my mother, that "I was such a quiet, prettily-behaved child;" and in consequence she often sent for me to spend the afternoon on Saturday half-holiday, giving as a reason that she liked company. She was a kindly, ceremonious, old lady, with no idea whatever of amusing a child. Every time I went she gave me an old brocaded-satin bag, filled with ends of worsted and silk for tapestry-work; these she bade me sort out into packets according to color; and when she had done that, she let me alone until tea-time. Once I abstracted from its shelf an illustrated copy of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, in which Apollyon was represented as a handsome Crusader in scale-armor, standing on prostrate Christian. I did admire Apollyon, he was so grand, and had such wings; but an audible remark to that effect caused me to be immediately deprived of the book, and in all subsequent visits at this period my attention was divided between the end-bag and the cats.

Miss Fernley's parlor, never underwent any change. If one of her pets died, it was replaced by another of the same sex and color. All the cats were king-cats, and gray—and they did spit sometimes! The wainscot was painted drab; the straight backed, slender-legged chairs always stood primly up by the walls; the heavy sofa preserved its angle by the fireside as if it were fastened to the floor; and the discordant old piano was for ever open. I used to perform upon it a line and a half of "Paddy Carey," the only tune I knew without music, every time I went. Later in life, I did the "Caliph of Bagdad" and the "Battle of Prague," to Miss Fernley's delight; and I remember her once singing to me, with the remains of a very sweet voice, "The Woodpecker Tapping," and a *little Spanish air*.

There were two circular portraits in this room, of Miss Fernley's brothers, both in uniform; the elder had been drowned at sea, and the younger, killed at the battle of Talavera. She loved dearly to talk of these two brothers, when once she had begun to be confidential, and would quote a great deal of poetry in her narrative of their histories; I believe she grew to love me for the interest with which I always listened to the oft-told tales. It probably never occurred to me until some years later to think whether she were a pretty or an ugly old lady; she was tall, thin, stiff; scantily dressed in silks of a uniform cloud-color, with a lofty-crowned cap, with a good many white bows; she wore a frill of fine rich lace about her neck, and ruffles at her wrists when nobody else did, and had a particularly precise and almost exactly air—I should say she was proud; and one bit of ceremony always observed by me to the day of her death was, never to sit in her presence until invited to do so. She made many remarks on the manners of her young friends, and always said that familiarity was vulgar.

The way I became acquainted with the life-romance of this gray, lonely, old lady, was as follows: She invited me to take up my abode at her house for a week when I was about sixteen, to be company for three madcap girls, her nieces, and daughters of the younger brother whose portrait decorated the dismal parlor. Their exuberant spirits were very trying to Miss Fernley; they outraged the cats by dressing them up in nightcaps and pocket-handkerchiefs: they taught the parrot to be impertinent, broke the strings of the old piano, whistled as they went up and down stairs, and danced threesome reels in the hall, to the great scandal of the primmy old serving-man and serving-woman.

One long, wet day, their pranks went beyond all bounds; they wanted to act a play in the drawing-room, and to bribe them from their intention, Miss Fernley gave them the key of a great lumber-room, and bade them go and ransack the chests of ancient apparel therein contained, for amusement. Up we all accordingly went. Out upon the dusty floor, with screams of laughter, the wild girls tossed armfuls of garments, of all degrees of hideousness and antiquity; startled sometimes by a moth flattering out from the heaps, and arrested often by the sight of some article of attire more curious than the rest. One of them—Letty, the youngest—lit upon a sacque of crimson silk, and immediately cried out that she would dress up, and astonish Aunt Jeanie. Her costume, when completed, was rather incongruous; but a quaint old mirror against the wall showed her a very pretty, if fantastic figure, draped in the crimson sacque, with amber satin petticoat, and a black Spanish hat, with a plume shading down over her golden hair. Lettie Fernley was a bright-complexioned Scotch lassie; and as she walked a stately step before the glass, you might have thought her a court-beauty of fifty years ago stepped down out of a picture-frame.

Meantime the eldest sister had been pursuing her investigations into the depths of a huge, black trunk, and drew forth a packet of letters, tied round with a faded rose-color ribbon.

"What have we here?" cried she; "a mystery, a romance; somebody's old love-letters!"

In an instant Lettie, still in the crimson sacque, was down on her knees by her sister, full of vivid curiosity.

"Gently, gently," said the other, tossing aside her impatient fingers; "let us consider a moment before we disturb old memories. What hand traced these discolored characters? Is the hand dust yet, or only slow and heavy with the dead weight of age?"

"Have done with your speculations, Minta, and let the letters speak for themselves," interrupted Lettie, eagerly.

Minta loosened the string, and divided the packet carefully. A piece of printed paper fell to the floor; it was a column cut from a newspaper; the story of a great battle, and an incomplete list of killed and wounded.

"Let us lay that aside, till we seek a clue for it—till we see whose name on that list is connected with these letters," suggested Minta: and we placed our heads close together to read the faded yellow pages. The first letter was written from a vicarage-house in Cumberland, and bore date half a century ago; the writer was one Francis Lucas. We had never heard the name before; but we conned the lines lingeringly and with interest, for they were such as all hearts echo to—warm, loving, tender.

"Francis Lucas, whoever you may have been, one thing is sure," said Minta, as she read; "you were a gentleman and a true knight of dames. I can picture to myself the blushing face that fifty years ago bent over these lines, and laid their sweet promises away in a heart as worthy as your own."

We paused long over that letter; for its speech was so full of life, and love, and hope, that we were loth to put it away among the things of the past—almost as loth as must have been the "darling mouse" to whom it was addressed; it still breathed the same old song of love and trust which is never out of date, and sounded as true as earnest passion ever does. There were seven letters with the date from that vicarage, among the Cumberland Fells; the last spoke of a speedy meeting in words that thrilled all our maiden pulses.

"Oh, Francis Lucas, I hope you were happy with your 'faithful heart,'" cried Lettie. "I hope you live yet in a green old age, together among those wild bleak hills."

The next letter was written after an interval of two months, in May 17—. Francis Lucas was then a volunteer in the army in Flanders; and his bright glad words reflected the high courage which he knew "would make his darling love him more." Those were his words. There was but one other; it was very short, written on the eve of battle, and it was the last.

"Oh, Minta, I could weep for that 'faithful heart,'" said Lettie, with tears in her eyes. "Look at the list now; it is no longer a sealed page to us; there is his name—'Francis Lucas, killed.' There the story ends."

"But the 'dear mouse,' the 'faithful heart,' who is that?" asked Minta, turning the yellow paper over, while Lettie idly twisted the ribbon that had tied the letters together—"who can it be?" The moisture cleared from our eyes slowly; more than one great tear rolled down my cheeks.

"It is Aunt Jeanie, Aunt Jeanie!" suddenly exclaimed the second sister, who had read in silence. "You remember, he says, 'darling Jean,' in the first letter."

"Aunt Jeanie," echoed Lettie. "Oh, I wish we had not been so curious; it was very wrong of us!"

"But who could have thought there had ever been a love-story in her quiet life!" said Minta. "How beautiful and how nice she must have been! I dare say she might have been married over and over again."

"I am glad she was not; I shall like to think of her as Francis Lucas's 'faithful heart' better than as the richest lady in the land."

"And so shall I; and, oh, Minta, how we have plagued her! Help me off with this red thing," said Lettie, pulling at the crimson sacque. "It would be profanation to go to her jesting, after what we have just found out. Dear Aunt Jeanie! If she has had a faithful heart, she must have had a suffering one, too."

The door opened softly, and Miss Fernley looked in.

"Children, you are so quiet, I am sure you must be in mischief," said she, in her gentle voice. She came among us, and looked over Minta's shoulder, as she sat on the floor with all the papers scattered in her lap; stooping, she took up the strip of newspaper, and gazed at it through her spectacles; I saw her lip quiver, and her hands tremble.

"Where did you find these letters, children? You should not have opened that black trunk," said she, hastily. "Give them to me; have you read them?"

"Yes, Aunt Jeanie," replied Lettie penitently. The old lady took them from Minta's hand without another word, and left us to our researches; but we had seen enough for one morning, and quickly restored the old dresses to their dusty receptacles, and let them to the moths and the spiders.

When we descended to the parlor, rather subdued, and ashamed of our curiosity, we found Miss Fernley rummaging in an ancient Japan cabinet; she brought out two miniatures, and showed them to us; one was Francis Lucas, a young, gay-looking soldier, the other was herself. The latter bore a marked resemblance to Lettie, only it was softer and more refined in expression. Then she told us her love story—how she was to have married Francis Lucas on his return from that fatal campaign, and how she had consecrated to him, in life and death, her faithful heart.

"Oh, Aunt Jeanie, I may be like you in the face, but if I were to live to be a hundred, I should never be as good or as kind as you are:" cried Lettie, as she finished. And this was the romance of old Miss Fernley's youth.

☞ AN INTELLIGENT FAMILY.—"What family have you?" asked the Judge of the County Court at Stockton, the other day, of a debtor against whom he was about to pronounce judgment. "Myself, wife, *and a bull-pup*," was the reply.—*Durham (Eng.) Advertiser.*

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE WEDDING.

FROM ALEXANDER SMITH'S NEW VOLUME.

The country ways are full of mire,
The boughs toss in the fading light,
The winds blow out the sunset's fire,
And sudden droppeth down the night
I sit in this familiar room,
Where mud-splashed hunting equires resort;
My sole companion in the gloom
This slowly dying pint of port.

'Mong all the joys my soul hath known,
'Mong errors over which it grieves,
I sit at this dark hour alone
Like autumn 'mid his withered leaves.
This is a night of wild farewells
To all the past, the good, the fair;
To-morrow, and my wedding bells
Will make a music in the air.

Like a wet fisher-tempest-tost,
Who sees throughout the weltering night
Afar on some low-lying coast
The streaming of a rainy light,
I saw this hour—and now 'tis come;
The rooms are lit, the feast is set;
Within the twilight I am dumb,
My heart filled with a vague regret.

I cannot say, in Eastern style,
Where'er she treads the pansy blows;
Nor call her eyes twin-stars, her smile
A sunbeam, and her mouth a rose.
Nor can I, as your bridegrooms do,
Talk of my raptures. Oh, how sore
The fond romance of twenty-two
Is parodied ere thirty-four!

To-night I shake hands with the past—
Familiar years, adieu, adieu!
An unknown door is open cast,
An empty future wide and new
Stands waiting. Oh, ye naked rooms,
Void, desolate, without a charm!
Will Love's smile chase your lonely glooms,
And drape your walls, and make them warm?

The man who knew, while he was young,
Some soft and soul-subduing air,
Melts when again he hears it sung,
Although 'tis only half so fair.
So love I thee and love is sweet
(My Florence, 'tis the cruel truth)
Because it can to age repeat
That long-lost passion of my youth.

Oh, often did my spirit melt,
Blurred letters, o'er your artless rhymes!
Fair trees, in which the sunshine dwelt,
I've kissed thee many a million times!
And now 'tis done—My passionate tears,
Mad pleadings with an iron fate,
And all the sweetness of my years,
Are blackened ashes in the grate.

Then ring in the wind, my wedding chimes;
Smile, villagers, at every door;
Old churchyard, stuffed with buried crimes,
Be clad in sunshine o'er and o'er;
And youthful maidens, white and sweet,
Scatter your blossoms far and wide;
And with a bridal chorus greet
This happy bridegroom and his bride.

"This happy bridegroom!" there is sin
At bottom of my thankless mood:
What if desert alone could win
For me life's chiefest grace and good?
Love gives itself; and if not given,
No genius, beauty, state, or wit,
No gold of earth, no gem of heaven,
Is rich enough to purchase it.

It may be, Florence, loving thee,
My heart will its old memories keep;
Like some worn sea-shell from the sea,
Filled with the music of the deep.
And you may watch, on nights of rain,
A shadow on my brow encroach;
Be startled by my sudden pain,
And tenderness of self-reproach.

It may be that your loving wiles
Will call a sigh from far-off years;
It may be that your happiest smiles
Will brim my eyes with hopeless tears;
It may be that my sleeping breath
Will shake, with painful visions wrung;
And, in the awful trance of death,
A stranger's name be on my tongue.

Ye phantoms, born of bitter blood,
Ye ghosts of passion, lean and worn,
Ye terrors of a lonely mood,
What do you here on a wedding morn?
For as the dawning sweet and fast
Through all the heaven spreads and flows,
Within life's discord rude and vast,
Love's subtle music grows and grows.

And lightened is the heavy curse,
And clearer is the weary road;
The very worm the sea-weeds nurse
Is cared for by the Eternal God.
My love, pale blossom of the snow,
Has pierced earth wet with wintry showers—
Oh, may it drink the sun, and blow,
And be followed by all the year of flowers!

Black Bayard from the stable bring;
The rain is o'er, the wind is down,
Round stirring farms the birds will sing,
The dawn stand in the sleeping town,
Within an hour. This is her gate,
Her sodden roses droop in night,
And—emblem of my happy fate—
In one dear window there is light.

The dawn is oozing pale and cold
Through the damp east for many a mile;
When half my tale of life is told
Grim-featured time begins to smile.
Last star of night that lingerest yet
In that long rift of rainy gray,
Gather thy wasted splendors, set,
And die unto my wedding-day.

A KNOCK DOWN ARGUMENT.—A certain man went to a Dervish, and proposed three questions: First—"Why do they say that God is omnipresent? I do not see Him in any place—show me where He is. Second—why is a man punished for crimes, since whatever he does proceed from God? Man has no free will, for he cannot do anything contrary to the will of God, and if he had power he would do everything for his own good. Third—How can God punish Satan in hell fire, since he is formed of that element? and what impression can fire make on itself?"

The Dervish took up a large clod of earth, and struck him on the head with it. The man went to the Cadi, and said:

"I proposed three questions to such a Dervish, who flung a clod of earth at my head, which made my head ache."

The Cadi having sent for the Dervish, asked of him:

"Why did you throw that clod of earth at his head, instead of answering his questions?"

The Dervish replied:

"The clod of earth was an answer to his speech. He says he has a pain in his head—let him show it to me, and I will make God visible to him. And why does he exhibit a complaint against me? Whatever I did was the act of God, and I did not strike without the will of God. What power do I possess? And as he is compounded of the earth, how can he suffer from that element?"

The man was confounded, and the Cadi highly pleased with the Dervish's answer.

OUR OLD GRANDMOTHER.

"I find the marks of my shortest steps beside those of my beloved mother, which were measured by my own," says Alexander Dumas, and so conjures up one of the sweetest images in the world. He was revisiting the home of his infancy; he was retracing the little paths around it in which he had once walked; and strange flowers could not efface, and rank grass could not conceal, and cruel ploughs could not obliterate his "shortest footsteps," and his mother's beside them, measured by his own.

And who needs to be told whose footsteps they were that thus kept time with the feeble pattering of childhood's little feet? It was no mother behind whom Ascanius walked "with unequal steps" in Virgil's line, but a strong, stern man, who could have borne him, and not been burdened; folded him in his arms from all danger, and not been wearied; everything, indeed, he could have done for him, but just what he needed most—he could not sympathize with him—he could not be a child again. Ah, a rare art is that—for, indeed, it is an art—to set back the great old clock of time, and be a boy once more! Man's imagination can easily see the child a man; but how hard it is for it to see the man a child; and he who has learned to glide back into that rosy time when he did not know that thorns were under the roses, or that clouds would ever return after the rain; when he thought a tear could stain a cheek no more than a drop of rain a flower; when he fancied that life had no disguise, and hope no blight at all—has come as near as anybody can to discovering the north-west passage to Paradise.

And it is, perhaps, for this reason, that it is so much easier for a mother to enter the kingdom of heaven than it is for the rest of the world. She fancies she is leading the children, when after all, the children are leading her, and they keep her indeed where the river is narrowest and the air is the clearest; and the beckoning of the radiant hand is so plainly seen from the other side, that it is no wonder she so often lets go her clasp upon the little finger she is holding, and goes over to the neighbors; and the children follow like lambs to the fold, for we think it ought somewhere to be written: "Where the mother is, there will the children be also."

But it was not of the mother we began to think, but of the dear, old-fashioned grandmother, whose thread of love, "by hand," on life's little wheel, was longer and stronger than they make it now; was wound around and about the children she saw playing in the children's arms, in a true love knot, that nothing but the shears of Atropos could sever; for do we not recognize the lambs sometimes, when summer days are over, and autumn winds are blowing, as they come bleating from the yellow fields, by the crimson thread we wound about their necks in April or May, and so undo the gate and let the wanderers in?

Blessed be the children who have an old-fashioned grandmother. As they hope for length of days, let them love and honor her, for we can tell them they will never find another.

There is a large old kitchen somewhere in the past, and an old-fashioned fireplace therein, with its smooth old jambs of stone—smooth with many knives that have been sharpened there—smooth with many little fingers that have clung there. There are andirons, too—the old andirons, with rings in the top, wherein many temples of flame have been builded, with spires and turrets of crimson. There is a broad worn hearth, by feet that have been torn and bleeding by the way, or been made "beautiful," and walked upon floors of tesselated gold. There are tongs in the corner, wherewith we grasped a coal, and, "blowing for a little life," lighted our first candle. There is a shovel, wherewith were drawn forth the glowing embers in which we saw our first fancies and dreamed our first dreams—the shovel with which we stirred the sleepy logs till the sparks rushed up the chimney as if a forge were in blast below, and wished we had so many lambs, so many marbles, or so many somethings that we coveted; and so it was we wished our first wishes.

There is a chair—a low, rush-bottom chair; there is a little wheel in the corner, a big wheel in the garret, a loom in the chamber. There are chests full of linen and yarn, and quilts of rare pattern, and samplers in frames.

And everywhere and always the dear old wrinkled face of her whose firm, elastic step mocks the feeble saunter of her children's children—the old-fashioned grandmother of twenty years ago. She, the very Providence of the old homestead—she who loved us all, and said she wished there were more of us to love, and took all the school in the Hollow for grandchildren besides. A great expansive heart was hers, beneath that woolen gown, or that more stately bombazine, or that sole heir-loom of silken texture.

We can see her to-day, those mild blue eyes, with more of beauty in them than time could touch, or death do more than hide—those eyes that held both smiles and tears within the faintest call of every one of us, and soft reproof, that seemed not passion but regret. A white tress has escaped from beneath her snowy cap—she has just restored a wandering lamb to its mother, she lengthened the tether of a vine that was straying over a window, as she came in, and plucked a four-leaved clover for Ellen. She sits down by the little wheel—a tress is running through her fingers from the distaff's dishevelled head, when a small voice cries, "Grandma," from the old red cradle, and "Grandma," Tommy shouts, from the top of the stairs. Gently she lets go the thread, for her patience is almost as beautiful as her charity, and she touches the little red bark in a moment, till the young voyager is in a dream again, and then directs Tommy's unavailing attempts to harness the cat. The tick of the clock runs faint and low, and she opens the mysterious door, and proceeds to wind it up.—We are all on tip-toe, and we beg in a breath to be lifted up one by one, and look in the hundredth time upon the tin cases of the weights, and the poor lonely pendulum, which goes to and fro by its little dim window, and never comes out in the world, and our petitions are all granted, and we are lifted up, and we all touch with a finger the wonderful weights, and the music of the little wheel is resumed.

Was Mary to be married, or Jane to be wrapped in a shroud? So meekly did she fold the white hands of the one upon her still bosom, that there seemed to be a prayer in them there; and so sweetly did she wreathe the white rose in the hair of the other, that one would not have wondered had more roses budded for company.

How she stood between us and apprehended harm; how the rudest of us softened beneath the gentle pressure of her faded and tremulous hand! From her capacious pocket that hand was ever withdrawn closed, only to be opened in our own, with the nuts she had gathered, the cherries she had plucked, the little egg she had found, the "turn-over" she had baked, the trinket she had purchased for us as the product of her spinning, the blessing she had stored for us, the offspring of her heart.

What treasures of story fell from those old lips; of good fairies and evil, of the old times when she was a girl; and we wondered if ever—she couldn't be handsomer or dearer—but if she ever was "little." And then, when we begged her to sing! "Sing us one of the old songs you used to sing to mother, grandma."

"Children, I can't sing," she always said; and mother used to lay her knitting softly down, and the kitten stopped playing with the yarn upon the floor, and the clock ticked lower in the corner, and the fire died down to a glow, like an old heart that is neither chilled nor dead, and grandmother sang. To be sure, it wouldn't do for the parlor and the concert-room now a-days; but then it was the old kitchen, and the old-fashioned grandmother, and the old ballad, in the dear old times, and we can hardly see to write for the memory of them, though it is a hand's breadth to the sunset.

Well, she sang. Her voice was feeble and wavering, like a fountain just ready to fail, but then how sweet-toned it was; and it became deeper and stronger; but it couldn't grow sweeter. What "joy of grief" it was to sit there around the fire, all of us, except Jane, that had clasped a prayer to her bosom, and her we thought we saw, when the hall-door was opened a moment by the wind; but then we were not afraid, for wasn't it her old smile she wore? to sit there around the fire, and weep over the woes of the "Babes in the Woods;" who lay side by side in the great solemn shadows; and how strangely glad we felt when the robin-redbreast covered them with leaves, and best of all when the angels took them out of the night into day everlasting.

We may think what we will of it now, but the song and the story, heard around the kitchen fire, have colored the thoughts and lives of most of us; have given us the germs of whatever poetry blessed our hearts, whatever memory blooms in our yesterdays. Attribute whatever we may to the school and the schoolmaster, the rays which make that little day we call life, radiate from the God-swept circle of the hearthstone.

Then she sings an old lullaby she sang to mother—*her* mother sang to her; but she does not sing it through, and falters ere 'tis done. She rests her head upon her hands, and it is silent in the old kitchen. Something glitters down between her fingers and the firelight, and it looks like rain in the soft sunshine. The old grandmother is thinking when she first heard the song, and of the voice that sang it; when a light-haired, light hearted girl, she hung around that mother's chair, nor saw the shadows of years to come. Oh! the days that are no more! What spell can we weave to bring them back again? What words can we unsay, what deeds undo, to set back, just this once, the ancient clock of time?

So all our little hands were forever clinging to her garments, and staying her as if from dying, for long ago she had done living for herself, and lived alone in us. But the old kitchen wants a presence to day, and the rush-bottomed chair is tenantless.

How she used to welcome us when we were grown, and came back once more to the homestead.

We thought we were men and women, but we were children there. The old-fashioned grandmother was blind with the eyes, but she saw with her heart, as she always did. We threw our long shadows through the open door, and she felt them as they fell over her form, and she looked dimly up and saw tall shapes in the door-way, and she says, "Edward I know, and Lucy's voice I can hear, but whose is that other? It must be Jane's"—for she had almost forgotten the folded hands. "Oh, no, not Jane, for she—let me see—she is waiting for me, isn't she?" and the old grandmother wandered and wept.

"It is another daughter, grandmother, that Edward has brought," says some one, "for your blessing."

"Has she blue eyes, my son?" Put her hand in mind, for she is my latest born, the child of my old age. Shall I sing you a song, children? Her hand is in her pocket as of old; she is idly fumbling for a toy, a welcome gift to the children that have come again.

One of us, men as we thought we were, is weeping; she hears the half-suppressed sob; she says, as she extends her feeble hand,

"Here, my poor child, rest upon grandmother's shoulder; she will protect you from all harm. Come, children, sit around the fire again. Shall I sing you a song, or tell you a story? Stir the fire, for it is cold; the nights are growing colder."

The clock in the corner struck nine, the bed-time of those old days. The song of life was indeed sung, the story told, it was bedtime at last. Good night to thee, grandmother. The old fashioned grandmother was no more, and we miss her forever. But we will set up a tablet in the midst of the memory, in the midst of the heart, and write on it only this:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF THE
OLD FASHIONED GRANDMOTHER.
GOD BLESS HER FOREVER.

MODE OF PLACING BOOKS IN ANCIENT LIBRARIES.—It may not be known to those who are not accustomed to meet with old books in their original bindings, or of seeing public libraries of antiquity, that the volumes were formerly placed on the shelves with the *leaves*, not the *back*, in front; and that the two sides of the binding were joined together with neat silk or other strings, and in some instances, where the books were of greater value and curiosity than common, even fastened with gold or silver chains.—*Philip Bliss.*

☞ To ascertain the weight of a horse—put your toe under the animal's foot.

SOMETHING NEW
ABOUT THE CANARY.

It is far too much the custom among us to keep our little pet-birds confined to their small cages; and we are apt to express wonder if, under such circumstances, they are unwell, moody, or indisposed to sing. The wonder is that, so treated, they ever sing to us at all. As for their being in good health, that is generally owing to the natural vigor of their constitution—no thanks to the thoughtfulness of their masters and mistresses. But *all* bird-keepers are not thus thoughtless. Many throw open the doors of their little prisoners' cages, and let them have the range of a room; and very delightful it is to see them roaming about in the full enjoyment of liberty. Their voices, how sweet! their antics and mimic performances, how grotesque and amusing! But I am about to tell of something even better than this. What if I propose *letting our favorite Canaries have their full liberty in the open air?* This may be done readily, under certain circumstances; and with extraordinary results, as I shall show. To view a Canary in all his glory, he should be sprightly; in full activity, and not restricted to space. No bird enjoys free dom more than he; yet how seldom is it granted him!

A friend of mine, residing not more than some sixteen miles from this great metropolis (London), has at the present time a whole colony of Canaries *living and breeding in the open air!* They are "free" as the air they breathe, unrestricted in their flight, thoroughly domesticated in their habits, and tame as any heart could desire them to be.*

I have long asserted, and *proved* it in my *Book of British and Foreign Song-Birds*, that the Canary is a hardy bird. When on the wing, he can endure *any* amount of cold, and winter anywhere with the stoutest of our native birds. In confinement it is different; deny him exercise, and he suffers like his owners.

I will now describe the spot where this fairy bird-land lies concealed from the prying eyes of the public. I have seen it often, and revelled in the sight quite at my leisure. On entering the picturesque mansion, the eye is arrested by an extensive and charming view from the window. Seated, or rather embosomed in its own grounds, from the windows downwards there is a verdant lawn, extending by a gradual slope to the margin of a large open park—there being no interruption to an almost unbounded prospect. Immediately contiguous to the dwelling-house is an ample shrubbery, beautifully laid out, and comprising trees and shrubs of all kinds. Here the birds nest, and hold their conferences. This shrubbery extends all round the house. To the left, immediately beyond the flower-garden, and in a shady corner, is a sheet of water overarched by trees. Here the cattle resort to drink; here, too, the birds assemble to enjoy the cool breezes, when the blazing sun banishes them from the park and open fields.

Such is the spot where dwells this happy family of Canaries. Here they live, day and night, in perfect liberty; here they build their nests; here they lay their eggs and rear their young; here they play; here they sing.

Sometimes a nest is found in a Wisteria, immediately beneath a window. Look at it if you will; pass your finger over the back of the sitting mother: it is no offence. When the young are hatched, and three days old, look at *them* also if you will: the parent is pleased, and her offspring are fearless. So among all the trees and all the bushes. I speak from actual experience. It is a most amiable sight to behold these pretty creatures, of all hues and all colors, feeding their young. And how the papas make the welkin ring with their floods of melody!

Here let me remark, that the musical powers of the Canary, heard in an open park or shrubbery, are novel as they are beautiful. When thus "free," he is heard to perfection. Birds in confinement are under restraint. They sing, it is true; but their song is monotonous. It lacks the energy and spirit of a roving bard.

These birds are free of the house; they eat at table, fly on the young ladies' shoulders, and make themselves "quite at home" with the household. Moreover, their food, in choice variety, is placed for them in a very large cage on the lawn, which they enter by certain small openings. Would you detain them, a slight invisible cord, skillfully touched by a gentle hand, bars every point of egress; they are your prisoners!

For a succession of years has this colony existed and thrived; and many a treat have I had, while contemplating what may be accomplished by only a little tact and a kindly disposition.

I have been invited, while on a recent visit to Dorchester and Weymouth (England), to establish a similar colony at West Lulworth next summer. Trees are to be planted there, shrubs raised, and all sorts of preparations are to be made. It is a most lovely and picturesque spot; and if the savage gunner can be held in check, and his bloodthirsty propensities arrested, such a Canary Island as I shall establish in that cove will be one of the world's wonders.

It may be asked, What about *the cats?* "Thereby hangs a tale," which needs not be unfolded *here*. Canaries and cats (vermin) cannot "live" together. Let this suffice. *Au reste*, there needs only a suitable site, a snug retreat away from a public road, a quiet neighborhood, and kind neighbors—you may then have Canaries living and breeding in your own grounds.

WM. KIDD.

*I hardly need say that I am no stranger to what *may* be done with birds in a flower-garden. Thirty years' experience with nearly four hundred choice pets—all of them rare songsters too—have suggested no end of interesting experiments "in the open air."

ROUGH MODE OF ACCOSTING A KING.—The King (George the Third) was out hunting, Mr. P., a gentleman of Berkshire, and M. P., was one of the party. The King was thrown from his saddle (his horse having fallen): he immediately got on his feet again, and began to look about for his hat and wig, which had fallen off. Mr. P., very much alarmed by the accident, rode up in great haste, while the King was peering about (being very short-sighted), and saying to his attendants, "Where's my wig?—Where's my wig?" Mr. P. cried out, "D—your *wig!* is your *Majesty safe?*"—*Rankes Journal.*

SONG.

"ALL AMONG THE BARLEY."

BY E. STIRLING.

Come out, 'tis now September,
The hunter's moon's begun,
And through the wheaten stubble
Is heard the frequent gun:
The leaves are paling yellow,
Or kindling into red;
And the ripe and golden Barley
Is hanging down its head.
All among the Barley, who would not be blythe,
When the free and happy Barley is smiling on the scythe!

The Spring she is a young maid
That does not know her mind;
The Summer is a tyrant
Of most unrighteous kind;
The Autumn is an old friend,
That loves one all he can:
And that brings the happy Barley
To glad the heart of man.
All among the Barley, who would not be blythe,
When the free and happy Barley is smiling on the scythe!

The Wheat is like a rich man,
That's sleek and well to do;
The Oats are like a pack of girls,
Laughing and dancing too;
The Rye is like a miser,
That's sulky, lean, and small:—
But the free and bearded Barley
Is the Monarch of them all.
All among the Barley, who would not be blythe,
When the free and happy Barley is smiling on the scythe! —*English Periodical.*

LITTLE EVELEEN;

OR,

AN HOUR'S STRUGGLE WITH POISON.

I was spending some days, not many years ago, in a beautiful little country village, and in a family that had more than common attractions to one who loves domestic life as well as myself. The little circle had in it more of real interest than I have often seen developed in the same number of persons.

The father of the family—almost too young to feel yet that he was entitled to that honorable appellation—was a fine, frank-hearted young mechanic, with a wide world of bounding life in his veins, an energy that when fully aroused, drove every thing violently before him, and a warmth of disposition that won him more friendship than it had given him of the goods of this world.

His wife, to whom he had been married some four years, was singularly beautiful. They had two children—the one a laughing brown-eyed and brown-haired little fairy of three years. Her name was Eveleen. The second was a crowing, laughing, blue-eyed, plump little beauty of less than a year, promising to have all the charms of the older at her age.

I was sitting one afternoon in a quiet little room with my feet upon two chairs, reading a pleasant book, in a state between asleep and awake—my host away at his shop, a hundred yards off, and my pretty little hostess engaged in her household labors—when I was thrown out of my indolence by a scream that brought me to my feet like an electric shock. It was a woman's voice, and had in it an excess of agony that cannot be indicated in words, so loud, that it rang over this quiet little village, and brought every one forth to ascertain the cause.

I sprang to the door that separated the sitting-room from the dining apartments, and saw the whole at a glance. The young mother stood at the door with her first born—our darling Eveleen in her arms dying. A brief and hurried word from the servant told me the sad story. The little girl had accompanied a child uncle up stairs, and while the attention of the older child was for a moment turned away, she seized a bottle of corrosive sublimate in alcohol, and had taken enough to take away twenty such lives. The little thing had tottered down stairs, and the mother had met her at the landing with the empty bottle in her hand, and the poison oozing from her mouth, and the child all unconscious of the fearful thing she had done. Was it any wonder that terrible shriek rang out over the quiet village and that already the occupants of every house near were rushing toward the spot where the mother stood?

But a few moments could possibly have elapsed since the poison was taken, and yet the effect was already fearful. After the first shriek of terror, the mother had quieted to a calm despair for the moment, and stood with the child in her arms, making no efforts for its relief, and indeed it seemed hopeless, for already the subtle poison seemed diffused through the frame; the brown eyes had lost the lustre, the face was blackened as if in after death, and the teeth were tightly set as if in a convulsive spasm that evidently would not pass away. I examined the little lost darling for a moment, saw that it was hopeless, and then turned away, unable to bear that mother's agony. The little door was already half filled with villagers, and sobs, and moans and lamentations over the fate of the dying child, were heard in every direction, mingled with quick and hurried questions as to the manner of its occurrence, and vain attempts at answering, which added an oppressing confusion to the sadness of the scene.

The little playfellow uncle, who had been up stairs with the child, had run instantly to call the father, and but a few moments elapsed before he sprang into the middle of the group. He had been told all and asked no questions. I had time to remark that his eye was very stern, and that his lips were very firmly compressed. Others, too, marked it, and I knew afterwards that a murmur ran round the circle of how strange it was that he betrayed no feeling.

He reached out its hands and took the child from its mother. Its eyes were closed now, and a white ooze coming from between the blackened lips. Was ever death more assured? I saw him open the eyelids, and heard him give a sigh of relief. He told me afterwards that the eye was not shrunken, and so death had not began. He then attempted to open the mouth, but the teeth were tight set, and they resisted his efforts. But with a force that seemed almost brutal, he wrenched the teeth apart, and opened the mouth.

"Shame," cried one of the bystanders.

The father did not heed them, but motioned to a neighbor to take the child in his arms. He did so.

"Bring me the egg basket," he spoke very sternly, almost without opening his teeth, to the servant.

"What do you want of it?" "What can you do with it?" "He is crazy!" and many such remarks followed, but the basket was there in a moment.

He seized one of the eggs, broke it, inserted his fingers again between the teeth and wrenched them open by force, though they shut with so convulsive a motion as to tear the flesh from his fingers, and poured the albumen into the throat. There was a slight struggle, nothing more, and the spectators were horrified at the action.

"Don't, the child is dying!" said one.

"Please don't hurt the little thing—it can't live!" the mother found voice to say, laying her hand upon his arm.

"Mary, be still!" he answered sternly, while his teeth were relaxing from their clenching, and his face was as hard as he was entering a battle; "and don't any of you meddle with me—keep off!"

The bystanders involuntarily obeyed, with many harsh remarks upon his cruelty, but he did not heed them, and went on. Another and another egg was broken, and still there was no sign of life. Then the whole body of bystanders broke out into a loud murmur, and cries of "Brute." "Let the child die in peace." "He is crazy—take the child away from him!" were heard around him.

He desisted for a moment from his efforts, and turned with a fierceness which had before been altogether foreign to his nature—but no one who saw him afterwards forgot it.—"Fools!" he hissed, "mind your own business, and leave me to mine! Take her away, will you? Try it!" and he went on, emptying egg after egg down the apparently lifeless throat.

The mother could bear this no longer—her first born was being tortured to death before her eyes, and she imploringly flung herself on her knees before her husband's father, who had that moment arrived.

"Oh, father, do stop him!" she gasped; "he will obey you; do stop him. He is torturing that poor, dying child."

The grandfather started forward a step to interfere, for he, too, thought the proceeding an outrageous one; but he stopped and said,

"Mary, let him alone. The child will die if he does not go on. It cannot do more than die if he does. I would not say a word to him for the world. The child is his; let him use his pleasure."

There was a silence then. In a moment more, there was a quiver of the eyelids, convulsive movement of the chest, and the teeth lost their tension. The father seized his child, turned her face downward, and the poison began to flow from her mouth. Again and again, as the retching ceased, he repeated the experiment—the life returning still more, and the face losing its blank color every instant. More than twenty times albumen had been administered, and more than half those times followed by the expulsion of the poison, when the eyes opened; the father desisted, the little sufferer lay just alive in his arms—exhausted, its little life terribly shattered, but *saved*.

When the necessity for exertion and determination was over—when the physician had been summoned, and they knew that darling little Eveleen might live, after many weeks of struggle between life and death; when the relieved friends had acknowledged that they had wronged him first; when the beautiful and sorrowful wife had blessed him through her kisses and tears; and all knew that under God only, such almost fierce determination could have saved the child—then the father sat down, unnerved, and wept like a child.

Eveleen is still alive to-day, and her brown eyes are opened upon womanhood. But there is no hour in my life that brings so thrilling a recollection as that of the young father's struggle for the life of his child.

☞ It is better to reconcile an enemy than to conquer him. Your victory may deprive him of his power to hurt for the present; but reconciliation disarms him of even the will to injure.—*Cecil.*

A BEAUTIFUL CASTLE.

The exterior of the new Castle of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin, Germany, was completed in the autumn of 1855, after ten years and a half of incessant labor. The consecration took place on the 14th of October of the same year, and divine service was performed for the first time in the Castle chapel. Since then numerous artists and workmen of all descriptions have been actively employed in finishing, decorating, and furnishing the interior of this magnificent edifice. The Castle, and all the rich carvings, furniture, sculpture, pictures, and other works of art, with which it is embellished, are the produce of native talent and industry, and excite the surprise and admiration of all visitors who inspect them.

At the opening of the Castle, at eight o'clock in the morning, all the artisans who had been employed at the Castle assembled at the appointed place of meeting, carrying staffs, from which party-colored streamers fluttered gaily, followed by bands of music. Here they arranged themselves under their respective trades, and, preceded by their leaders, moved off in orderly procession to the town-hall, where a deputation of each trade waited on the Mayor to receive a flag promised them by the Grand-Duke, as a reward for the zeal and industry they had displayed in their work, and as a remembrance of the day's festival. These flags, eleven in number, were composed of white silk richly embroidered in gold, with a beautiful painting, in the centre, of the new castle, surmounted with, in letters of gold, "For assiduous work is the building of the Castle in Schwerin, 1857." At nine o'clock, the Grand-Duke, accompanied by his two sons—the Hereditary Grand-Duke Frederick Francis, aged six years, and Duke Paul, aged four years and a-half—appeared at the gate of the palace, and was greeted by the Trades' deputation and the enormous mass of persons assembled with loud and repeated cheers. The Grand Duke then stepped before them, and in a kind and courteous speech thanked the workmen for the activity and talent they had shown in perfecting the work which had been entrusted to them, and hoped that the remembrance of this building might prove a lasting bond of unity between them. The Grand-Duke and his sons then retired into the palace amidst the deafening hurrahs of the multitude.

ABBIE IN THE SWING.

There I sat in a passion,
Sulking; and there sat she,
Swinging in the long grape-vine
Looped from the great ash-tree.

Sitting at ease, and singing,
Teasing, dainty-formed thing!
Slender white feet, just grazing
Mosses under the swing.

Sunshine speckled the grape-leaves,
Sunshine dript on her hair;
Odious, stealthy sunshine!
What a bold thing you are!

Oh! what glistening shoulders!
Oh, what a cruel white arm,
Reaching up for the blossoms
Just on purpose to charm!

That little bow-fashioned mouth,
Aiming kisses at mine;
Confound its pulpy-red bliss!
Mischievous—but divine.

Deck'd like a little princess,
Sitting in gorgeous state;
Crown'd with her tiger-lilies,
Tawdry blossoms I hate!

Pelting my hat with roses,
In rapid, flaunting showers,
Winding her brook-like laughter
In and out with the flowers.

What should I do, but love her
Dearer than ever yet!
What could I do—all vanquished
Lion-like in a net!

Oh, for a heart of marble!
Else 'twould peril a king—
Dared he sit under the arbor
Looking at Abbie swing.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.—The dresses made up during the past week include several composed of *moire antique* and rich brocaded silk in beautiful patterns, consisting of bouquets of flowers upon a ground of some bright hue. For promenade costume, several dresses of chene silk, with flounced skirts, have recently been prepared; and we may add that various striped and chequered silks, which have been so long in vogue, still hold their accustomed place among the favorite materials for walking dresses.

The newest bonnets do not differ in form from those worn during the summer. Among the prettiest we have recently seen, may be mentioned one composed of black and white crinoline, trimmed with bouquets and sprays of mallow color periwinkles. The front is ornamented with a border of mallow-color silk and a fall of black lace. The inside trimming consists of ruches of tulle illusion and sprays of periwinkle. A bonnet of white straw is finished at the edge with a row of violet silk, and trimmed on one side with a bouquet of violet color daisies. A bonnet composed of gray straw is edged with a narrow fall of black lace, and trimmed with gray feathers. Sprigs and bouquets of red geranium ornament the inside.—*London Lady's Newspaper of Sept. 12th.*

ALLIGATORS' NESTS.—These nests resemble haycocks. They are four feet high, and five in diameter at their basis, being constructed with grass and herbage. First, they deposit one layer of eggs on a floor of mortar, and having covered this with a stratum of mud and herbage, eight inches thick, lay another set of eggs upon that, and so on to the top, there being commonly from one to two hundred eggs in a nest. With their tails they then beat down round the nest the dense grass and reeds five feet high, to prevent the approach of unseen enemies. The female watches her eggs until they are hatched by the heat of the sun, and then takes her brood under her own care, defending them and providing for their subsistence. Dr. Lutzemberg, of New Orleans, told me that he once packed up one of these nests with the eggs in a box for the Museum of St. Petersburg, but was recommended before he closed it to see that there was no danger of the eggs being hatched on the voyage. On opening one, a young alligator walked out, and was soon followed by the rest, about a hundred, which he fed in his house, where they went up and down stairs whining and barking like young puppies.—*Lyell, the Geologist.*

MY FRIEND,

THE "PRACTICAL CHEMIST."

I have lately been staying with a friend who is what he calls a practical chemist. He has, indeed, none of those large globular bottles in his window—the red, white and blue, which are the insignia of the pharmaceutical craft—because he is a clergyman, and his Bishop, very properly, would not permit such an illumination. He is also obliged to confine the public offer of his soothing mixtures to that one day of the week whereon his pulpit opens; and if he were detected in issuing "quietness" at any other time, he would be punished. But he is not the less a practical chemist for all that.

He knows what to avoid a great deal better than what to eat and to drink, for upon these two latter points he is a second *Dr. Hassell*, and describes all food to be noxious that is not downright deadly. Breakfast, according to him, undermines the constitution, dinner shakes it to its foundations, and supper, with pickles, brings it down with a run. What is one man's meat is another man's poison, says the proverb; but with my friend the P. C., his meat and his poison are one and the same thing. When I took my bitter beer—which, by the-by, was his—and which I, of course, imbibed very willingly as often as I could get it, he was wont to say that I reminded him for once of Socrates in the act of partaking of the hemlock, with the difference that it was my ignorance, but the philosopher's intrepidity, which made us both so careless of the result. He used to name that amber liquid in its tapering glass "with beaded bubbles winking at its brim," by some Latin name, as if in exorcism, and to ascribe to it "a volatile odorous principle, a greenish fixed oil, a free organic acid, uncrystallized sugar, coloring matter and gum;" but a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, said I, and I called it "Bess," and drank it all the same; else if I had been less like Sancho Panza, he would have played the very Dr. Pedro with me. His own house, which is much too good a one for such a purpose, he makes the theatre of all sorts of scientific experiments. Ventilation is there so perfected, that it seems to me the wind bloweth pretty much where it listeth, and drainage is in full flow. Above the drawing-room fireplace, just where one leans one's elbows upon the mantel piece to enjoy one's self in the glass, and just where the unprotected small of one's back occurs when we stand with our coat-tails over our arms, and our rear to the fire, there comes breeze enough, through a great iron mouth, to turn a mill. "The principle of the thing, my dear sir," he has said about a hundred times, "is as follows * * * *" and then he is the encyclopedia vice the pharmacopœia, resigned for a little while. I think he wishes to persuade me that the air comes somehow through the fire, and so enters the room both fresh and warm; but if that is the case, why does it *feel* cold, and why do I get sore throat, or else lumbago, according as I present myself to the orifice frontways or the reverse? Sometimes a current of air would set in while we were at dinner—escaped from some north-pole contrivances of his down stairs—fit to carry our legs away, and then he would try to convince me it was all right, by reference to his thermometer; as if an instrument of that kind would ever persuade me out of a goosey sensation in the calves, and of a stagnation in my feet. But his strongest point, perhaps is, or was, home drainage. At one time, the great attraction he used to promise me, if I would only come and see him, was the perfection of his system of arterial domestic sewage: he said that it was positively beautiful; and, indeed, he was always pulling up the floors of his back-kitchen and scullery, like some conscience stricken Maria Manning, to investigate it. "I would not mind going down into the coal-hole, would I? That's right; and I should be rewarded for it, that I might depend upon; the system was quite unique, and the principle was as follows * * * *" It was very cold work standing in the kitchen on account of the proximity of the north-pole apparatus; and I really thought that the pretty waiting-maid would never have brought a light; neither she nor the cook could anyhow get the candle to burn; and if it was kindled, it was at once put out again. At last we got our dip, and went down into the coal-cellar. "The main pipe," pursued the P. C., in a sort of high pitched lecture room voice, "you will presently perceive to be rather more than six feet long, with a diameter of ——. Bless my soul, what's this?" cried he, coming down suddenly to the tone of ordinary astonishment. "What are you doing here, fellow?"—addressing himself to a very tall young man, who was vainly endeavoring to conceal himself upon an extremely limited space. "Robbers! thieves! Who are you?"

"Please, sir, I'm only Mary's cousin; but she thought you might not like to see me in the kitchen, and so put me into this here coal hole, out of the way."

"The main pipe," quoth I, oratorically, as we went up stairs together after this, "is, as you have just perceived, rather more than six feet long, with a diameter depending upon the amount of cold meat and vegetables bestowed on him by the cook;" and that was the first remark which I remember to have ever made to my friend the practical chemist which he was neither able nor willing to controvert.

There was nothing more said about domestic drainage from that period; but my scientific friend has since taken up the public health, with all his old enthusiasm, instead, and thrown himself, so to speak, into the local sewage of his town. It is needless to state that he has attempted to draw me in with him also, and indeed not without success. I agreed to accompany him in a visit to the works which have been established for deodorizing the sewage of Jennyville—containing sixty-five thousand inhabitants—including all the refuse from its manufactories, and for converting the same into dry and solid manure. A private company has undertaken this business; but if that were not the case, fair Jennyville would be now compelled by act of Parliament to do this dirty work herself. Our path lay beside the river and canal, which I have always considered to be the very foulest in all England, and most certainly there was great improvement there. To say that they were clear and sparkling, would be an absurd compliment to waters upon which the sun but rarely shines, and over which the smoke-clouds hang like a perpetual pall; but I declare they were positively polluted to what they had been wont to be; while the fishes—of which I had never before seen more than one solitary poisoned tadpole floating bottom upwards—crossed and recrossed one another in the wholesome depths like lightning; and the cattle on the banks, which had been used to prefer any turbid puddle to these their native streams, were drinking for drinking's sake like lords or aldermen. It had been my former custom passing along this way to hold my nose—but there was no occasion for this now, and I confined myself to holding my tongue and listening to the practical chemist. "The ordinary quantity of sewage," said he, with the lecture-room voice again, "that is collected, pumped, and deodorized per diem in these works, is about three millions of gallons, or thirteen thousand five hundred tons; and the dry solid manure extracted is about eleven tons daily, being at the rate of about one solid ton to every twelve hundred tons, or to two hundred and twenty-four thousand gallons of common liquid manure."

Presently, we were inside the great gates, and heard them locked behind us. We entered a mighty room, beautifully clean, wherein two spotless engines were panting and toiling like mad, and two more very oily-looking ones, doing nothing, were regarding them with aristocratic contempt. These former were pumping up at one and the same time the town sewage, and a mixture of lime and water—the great deodorizer—into one common pipe. From that moment, there ceases to be any odor from the surface, and surprisingly little even from the deposit itself. Another engine, elsewhere, was employed in turning sundry agitators—who must have had as dirty a job on their hands as any of their political brethren—which mingled still more completely this agreeable compound, that flowed afterwards into an enormous open tank with sloping sides, in an apartment resembling a large swimming-room. The liquid was not of a pleasant hue just then—although, from the various dyes in use at the Jennyville factories, it assumes, in turn, half the colors in the rainbow—but there was no perceptible smell whatever. These innumerable gallons of abomination, then, had been already rendered inocuous. Iron gratings, on the way between the works and the town, arrest the progress of all heavy substances, so that the engines may not be injured (in flood-time, after heavy rains, there is, for the same reason, an escape-pipe, through which the surplus sewage can be carried off), and the contents of this tank are liquid, except at the bottom; there, there is a sort of endless screw, which worms away the thick deposit into channels which are provided for it below. These, again, communicate with a quantity of double-wire cylinders, the inner ones of which, revolving at a speed of nearly twelve hundred revolutions a minute, expel, by the centrifugal force, the water from this wet, pulpy sewage, through sides of perforated zinc; out of these, the thick, rich mud is presently scooped, moulded into bricks, and set to dry. Each weighs about half as much as the common brick, and is sold to the farmer for manure, at twenty-five shillings a ton. In appearance much resembles that of mortar, without any stronger smell; and it has a quantity of hair about it—from the wool-factories—which is said to be particularly fertilising.* So much, then, for the manufactured sewage, the part of the business which, it is to be hoped, will in time defray the expenses of the rest. The manure is found to be itself of great value, and to be of service beyond a single crop, but to be much improved by a slight mixture with something of a more exciting character, such as guano.

But there remains still a little to be said upon a subject of much greater importance than mere money gain—namely, upon the enormous advantage which these works have conferred upon the public health of Jennyville. A chamber adjoining the swimming-room before mentioned, receives in a second reservoir, through more perforated zinc, the filterings of the first tank; there is no screw required here, as the deposit is of course so much less solid; but every two or three months the place is emptied and scooped out by hand. From the upper part of this second tank, the sewage of Jennyville flows down, colorless, wholesome, deodorized, into the river beneath. I was so interested and so pleased, that I permitted my pratical chemist to give me a little drink out of a great glass which is placed for that purpose by the side of this eternal spring, and it really was not so bad; a slight flavor of tar in it, I don't know from what cause, was all that I was able to detect. Our toast—and water—was "the Health of Jennyville." The consequences of that draught being so palatable are at present—as the P. C. would say—"the following," the proofs of which are exhibited in the returns of the Registrar-General. There have been ninety-five deaths per quarter in the town less than the average of the corresponding quarters in the two years previous to the establishment of the works, or three hundred and eighty lives per annum saved. A distinguished sanitary authority has estimated the lost labor, cost of sickness and funerals, &c., &c., consequent upon that sacrifice of life, as not less in money-value than sixty-pounds a head; and he writes, "apart from the consideration of humanity, and of the moral consequences of so great a saving of human life, I feel sure that the gain to the inhabitants of Jennyville, if the present conditions can be maintained—of which there appears to be no reasonable doubt—should not be estimated at less than £20,000 per annum;" which, I think, for my part, is pretty well for deodorization.

* There is, we ought perhaps to say, a recent mechanical invention adopted by this company, which will supersede entirely the application of the centrifugal force; but our light contributor is of opinion that he should only distract himself and confuse his readers by attempting to explain its principle.

VALUE OF TIME.—When the Roman Emperor said, "I have lost a day," he uttered a sadder truth than if he had exclaimed, "I have lost a kingdom." Napoleon said that the reason why he beat the Austrians, was that they did not know the value of five minutes. At the celebrated battle of Rivoli, the conflict seemed on the point of being decided against him. He saw the critical state of affairs, and instantly took his resolution. He despatched a flag to head quarters, with proposals for an armistice. The unwary Austrians fell into the snare—for a few minutes the thunders of battle were hushed. Napoleon seized the precious moments, and, while amusing the enemy with mock negotiation, re-arranged his line of battle, changed his front, and in a few minutes was ready to renounce the farce of discussion for the stern arbitrament of arms. The splendid victory of Rivoli was the result. The great moral victories and defeats of the world often turn on five minutes. Crises come, the not seizing of which is ruin. Men may loiter, but time flies on the wings of the wind, and all the great interests of life are speeding on with the sure and silent tread of destiny.

THE CID.—The person known in history and romance, as the *Cid*, was a Spanish nobleman, whose proper name and title was Don Rodrigo Diaz, Count of Bivar. It was from his Moorish enemies that he received the appellation of Cid, (el mio Cid—my lord,) which was probably intended by them as a term of derision. His friends, among the staunchest of whom was the King, Ferdinand I. of Castile, called him campeador, (hero without an equal,) and if the report of history is to be trusted, the gallant cavalier, the flower of Spanish chivalry, well deserved the name. Moriscoes was the name given to those descendants of the Mauritanian Moors, who, after the conquest of Granada, by Ferdinand in 1491, settled in Spain. To them and their ancestors, their adopted country owes much, for while the greater part of Europe was sunk in barbarism, learning and art flourished among the Moors, and their expulsion from Spain by the furious bigot, Philip II., is regarded as one of the leading causes of that country's decline.

ELEANOR CLARE'S JOURNAL

FOR TEN YEARS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

June 27th.—I am at bonnie Burnbank once more, glad of its peace and quietness and loving ways. Grannie is angry—(a very remarkable frame of mind for her)—very angry, at my treatment at Meadowlands. I have just done all my confession to her, and she is bent on writing to Mrs. Clay, but I shall try to persuade her not. Old Mr. Clay shook hands with me very kindly, when I left—but his wife would not even see me. Emily fretted, and Herbert drove me down to Stockbridge to meet the train. We consider ourselves, and his family consider us engaged; but there is to be no thought of our marrying at present, or for years to come. This makes me look on life with strangely different eyes; so much is accomplished, that there is no scope for the fancies and visions which make up some girls' youth. I am glad it is so; now I must set myself some work to do. Uncle Henry comes over soon to talk about our settling at Fern dell; but I have begged Grannie not to speak to him of Herbert and Meadowlands. Considering how matters are, I think the engagement had better be kept quiet. I hate being speculated upon and watched, as I should be were it known—especially so much as there is to know.

June 29th.—Mary Jane Curling arrived here, this afternoon, overflowing with happiness and consequence, to announce her approaching marriage with old Sir Simon Deering. It is a great thing for the family—the connection, I mean; for Sir Simon is supposed to have influential friends, who will help the Curling boys forward in their professions. She has asked me to be one of the bridesmaids on the occasion, and Grannie says I cannot decline without giving offence; so I suppose I must; but if my choice were given me, I certainly should not. I have been over to see Miss Lawson and Betsy, since tea, and found them much as they used to be; both reverted to their chairs, which I gave them when I came into possession of Uncle Robert's property. What a dreadful burden I found that property in idea then! Now, I am quite used to its possession, and bear it meekly enough. I don't think, by the bye, if I were to lose it to-morrow, the loss would afflict me.

Mrs. Lake, who knows some people in the neighborhood of Stockbridge, who are acquainted with all the Clay family, was asking me about them yesterday, in an inquisitive anxious manner, which caused me to suspect that she had heard a distorted version of recent events at Meadowlands, so I told her what had really occurred.

She felt about it much as Grannie feels; that is to say, very indignant; and besides she did not refrain from insinuating that the heiress of Ferndell might look higher in the world than to the son of a manufacturer. Mrs. Lake does not know Herbert Clay, or she would not say that. I might have answered, that once a gentleman, always a gentleman would apply to him, but I refrained. To compare him with such a man as young Curling, Freddy Price, or Sir Edward Singleton, seems a positive degradation. But it vexes me to feel that it is possible for anybody to look down upon him. If I could once show him here—his fine countenance, his intelligent, good countenance—no one would ever think of speaking slightly of him again! But I see no chance of that while our engagement is unsanctioned.

I had a long letter from him to-day, chiefly written the night of the day I left Meadowlands. He still harps on the little rustic cottage—and says it has taken such a fast hold on his imagination, that he must go forth with and examine its interior capabilities of comfort. He hopes I do not mind grandeur!

I almost wish now I had told him about Ferndell at once; but as I did not do it personally, I shall not tell him by letter—that would seem to attach more importance to it than it deserves. I am rather afraid of how the intelligence may strike him. He is a proud man, and I remember hearing him speak once of a person who had his money through his wife, as a fettered being, who had sold his liberty for ready cash. At the same time he declared that he would never be indebted to his wife for anything!

But it is of no use to fret myself with a thousand vain fancies. All will come right in the end; I know I was not born to be miserable. Once Mary Jane Curling would tell me my fortune by the cards, and she said I should be one of the most lucky people in the world, both as regards love and money. It would be nonsense to say I believe her, but I really was pleased, and very much pleased, too; I like to look forward to bright things.

July 10th.—Uncle Henry has been and is gone again. He and I had one thorough good battle. It seems some meddlesome person had told him about Herbert Clay, and he was so insulting on the matter that I said to him, there were two or three points on which I would bear no interference, and this was the chief. I would marry where and whom I chose. He insisted that mine was a mere girlish whim, and that when I had seen a little more of the world I should be ashamed of my first fancy. Evil befal me if I am ashamed of Herbert!

July 17th.—Mary Jane Curling was married yesterday. Lady Deering, I must call her henceforward, with becoming respect. I went over the day before, all the company, or nearly all, being assembled. Anna Curling, the two Prices, and the two Coopers and myself were bridesmaids. None of Sir Simon's family were present; indeed, it is a fact generally known, that this marriage has given the greatest dissatisfaction. He has a son five-and-forty years old, and seven grand-children, two of them as old, if not older than Mary Jane. She was in the most exuberant spirits, and bade us all address her in private as Grandmamma. It would be affectation to try to think that she loves Sir Simon. He is a very sour, ill-tempered person from his face, and as jealous of Mary Jane as he can be. It was very wrong, I know, but I could not forbear smiling as they stood together in church. It was a sunshiny morning which dragged every contrast forcibly into light. She looked broad and blooming—very blooming; her eyes rolled more, and her teeth glittered more than usual even. Then he trembled as if he had an ague fit, and, by some unlucky accident, the brown wig with which it has recently pleased him to hide his bald pate, had got pushed a little too high up on his head, and showed the poor white hairs cut close to his neck. One of Mary Jane's Scotch cousins remarked to me that he wasna' a bonnie man at a'. And she is right there.

After the ceremony there was a grand breakfast and the usual amount of speechifying. Sir Simon (it was very bad taste in him) had chosen young Sir Edward Singleton for his best man; and, whether his tender recollections were too much for him, or he is always so tongue tied, a very miserable oration he made for the bridesmaids. He is much improved in appearance since he came from abroad; he has lost his clownish air and gait, and looks, what he never seemed likely to do, a very fine gentleman indeed. He has a little affected insouciante manner, which would become him better if, instead of being six feet two in height, he were a little man; then he speaks with a lisp and a drawl, and nervously twirls his bit of watch-chain, or pushes up his tawny hair, until he looks as fierce as a lion. Mary Jane would have found him a much more suitable mate than her decrepit Sir Simon. I never saw her countenance change but once, and that was when in his speech he made an awkward allusion to past events. She looked terrified, and Lady Singleton went ghastly white. Sir Simon said, "Eh! What? what?" and there was a little titter as Sir Edward recovered himself, and stammered out a few more broken phrases, and dropped into his chair like a man exhausted with some tremendous physical exertion. Everybody felt relieved; for it was no secret why Lady Singleton was so anxious to get her son away from Deerhill two years ago. For my part I don't think it would have been a bad match for him, all things considered. She is a dashing, self-possessed woman, and would have set the estate to rights much better than Lady Singleton is capable of doing. After the breakfast we had to collect all the old white satin shoes that could be found, and when the happy couple drove off, a shower was pelted after them with hearty good will. One slipper was sent with such true aim, that it knocked off the postillion's hat, and another struck Mary Jane's maid.

After they were gone, Captain Curling would have some games and races amongst the villagers who had assembled in the paddock below the house; and, as the day was fine, we got through it well enough, and without weariness. Lady Singleton joined me as I was going up the wood with Anna Curling. Anna was glad to return to the crowd, so Lady Singleton and I took a walk together. She is what people combine to call a very charming, fascinating, worldly woman; and so I think she is. She flatters with her tongue, as if the practice were nothing new to her, and also as if there were something to be gained by it. She said some amiable things to me that made me feel angry and ashamed, yet I scarcely knew how to check her, there is so much earnestness of manner mingled with her plausibility and smoothness. She clasps her hands enthusiastically and says—"My dear, you must believe me; I always speak the literal truth—sometimes the too literal truth, and give offence; for you must know I have the reputation of making the harshest judgments"—a reputation I never heard of before, though it may be a fact, nevertheless. There is a snakiness about her that I distrust. After she had catechized me closely, and uttered as many graceful compliments as I might be supposed capable of bearing at one time, she turned the conversation upon Sir Edward. He was the dearest son—the best, the most unselfish, the most affectionate of sons. So thoughtful for her; so generous to his tenants; so staid and methodical in his own personal expenses. I could have asked Lady Singleton Miss Thoroton's celebrated question, "Where she expected to go to for telling so many palpable falsehoods?" but I did not; for, after all, she is a woman whom one had better call friend than enemy. I dare say she can slander as well as she can flatter.

After our walk she had her carriage and drove home to Deerhill, but only to return in the evening to the ball. A great many more people assembled for that than had come for the breakfast. The scene was very gay, and I really enjoyed it. My first ball—that was a ball! I had partners enough; but Sir Edward Singleton was the person who chose to distinguish me the most—indeed, he never danced with anybody else. His mother incited him to the disagreeable exhibition, I know; but if she thought that, because I am young, I should be gratified by attracting the attention of the chief person there, she was lamentably mistaken. I hate to attract any particular notice, and then Sir Edward is not so intelligent or amusing as he would fain appear. In fact, I was exceeding weary of him. I wonder how all these people—who lay themselves out to pay so much deference—would treat me if I lost Ferndell to-morrow? In a very different style, indeed, I am quite sure.

July 24th.—This morning I had a letter again from Herbert; it has made me restless and unhappy. What can he mean by saying I have not shown confidence in him? Can it refer to Ferndell? That is the only explanation I can discover. It would have been better to tell him myself when I was at Meadowlands, and I regret now that I did not do so. The best way to make amends will be to write at once and confess—no easy matter!

August 1st.—According to the post, I might have had a letter from Herbert yesterday morning, or again this morning, but none has come. Perhaps he is away on one of his business journeys, and has missed mine. The Singletons—Sir Edward especially—are very diligent in their visits at Burnbank. I am as stiff and disagreeable as I can be, because it is very easy to perceive that he and his mother are laying vigorous siege to Ferndell, and I by no means intend the fortress should capitulate on any terms. Grannie encourages them, and occasionally throws out hints about the Clays; Cousin Jane asks, satirically, after "the commercial traveller" whenever I receive a letter, and yesterday, feigning ignorance of what Herbert is, she said, "Eleanor is your chosen a sort of bagman, or packman, like Wandering Willie, who comes to sell the damsels gowns at the back-door?" I said he was what our grandfather was, and her father is, a cotton-spinner—neither more nor less; and she held her peace at once.

It is so silly to look at people's progenitors instead of themselves. I never can clearly understand on what principle it is done. I do not pretend to undervalue having come of a good stock, as the saying is. I should, for instance, feel ashamed and angry to hear that my great grandfather had been hanged for sheep stealing; but I should feel just as much ashamed and just as angry if I were told that—standing in the class of gentlemen—he had been shot in a duel for cheating at play. Happily he was neither. He was a decent mechanic—a West Riding of Yorkshire man—very stubborn, very persevering, and very honest—qualities that I hope he has transmitted to his descendants. The Clays are of just the same class. Old grandfather Clay was a quarryman, and worked as such in the neighborhood of Stockbridge. He married a beautiful factory-girl, and then was himself engaged in one of the great mills. For some improvement that he suggested in the machinery, his master gave him a good situation, and afterwards a share in the business. He and his wife had a large and fine family. All the sons are cotton-spinners, and the three daughters—married cotton-spinners. In fact, all the family is cotton. Herbert and Emily have inherited the personal beauty and fine moral character which raised their grandfather and grandmother from a low to a high position—yes, a high position! for even yet the kindliness and liberality of the first Clays are proverbial in Stockbridge, and the present family inherit the respect they won.

Now, I cannot be persuaded that Herbert Clay is not a better man and better gentleman than Sir Edward Singleton, whose father's baronetcy was an election bribe; whose education was neglected at home, and finished abroad amongst the worst company. I suppose it would be a shame even to know the life that young man has led since he came into the property. I have heard it hinted at years ago, when he wanted to marry Mary Jane Curling, and I have not forgotten it—I am glad I have not. I can see very plainly—though I choose to appear not to see—that even good old Grannie would like me to marry Sir Edward Singleton better than Herbert Clay. As if there was anything in that man to win a girl's love! I revolt from his idea; ever since his visits here have become frequent, and their object palpable, I have experienced a species of loathing for him which is indescribable. I should be very glad if he were never again to come to Burnbank while we stay.

About the middle of September we move to Ferndell. The preparations are being made now. I wish I knew how Herbert received the intelligence my last letter conveyed to him.

August 2nd.—No letter from Herbert, again, this morning. What can it mean? Surely he is not angry!

August 3rd.—No letter.

August 4th.—Nothing again this morning! It is not kind in Herbert. He might be perfectly sure that my anxiety to hear from him would be intense. Cousin Jane teases me mercilessly about my "faithless bagman," as she persists in calling him, and wants to know when his professional travels may be expected to bring him to Burnbank, as she intends to patronise him to the extent of ten shillings' worth of cheap calico. If he only would come, this silly, vexing talk would be set at rest forever.

Sir Edward Singleton inflicted himself upon us this morning for full two hours—such an incubus! I feel very dull to-day, and cannot help harrassing myself with idle specula—

August 5th.—While I was writing in my journal, yesterday afternoon, Mary Burton came up and knocked at the door, saying:

"If you please, Miss Eleanor, there is a gentleman who wishes to see you. I have showed him into the library," and she handed me in a card, "Mr. Herbert Clay."

I ran down stairs in an instant, full of delight and happiness; but there was soon an end to all that! He received me frigidly! Oh, I can't describe how it was, or how I felt! Only I sat down, and all my color went as I looked in his face. He began to speak in a stiff, constrained way, about that being the earliest opportunity he had had of seeing me since he had received my letter, and before he had time to say three sentences, Cousin Jane appeared—curiosity brought her. I introduced them, and the next moment Grannie, having learnt from Mary Burton who had come, entered too. She looked her loftiest and sat down opposite to Herbert, as if she intended to stay as long as he did. Cousin Jane was laughing internally, for she had discernment enough to see that she had interrupted a very critical interview, and having possessed herself of a book, she went away. Grannie made a few general observations on the state of the atmosphere, and then plunged into the main subject by observing that Mr. Herbert Clay's visit was an unexpected honor—her tone implied that it was also undesired. Herbert kept his temper wonderfully, and his countenance, too; as for me, there was nothing to do but to sit it out as well as I could. I saw Grannie meant that any explanation there might be to make should pass in her presence. I held my peace, and Grannie said that she had understood from me he sought an alliance with her family, but that his strongly objected to it; for her part, her objections were equally strong—stronger possibly than any Mr. and Mrs. Clay entertained.

Herbert passed that over, and came straight to the pith of what he had to say, and said it with a manly pride and feeling which made my heart thrill.

"When I asked Eleanor Clare to be my wife, I did so under the impression that I should be able to raise her to an independent home—that, in fact, she was without fortune, and that I could make her happy. Since then, I have learnt from herself that her position is different—changes our relations to each other entirely—"

"Our positions are what they always were," I interrupted, but Grannie stopped me with a warning look, and he went on as if I had never spoken.

"And this being the case, I am ready, if she desires it, to release her from her engagements."

I was startled, shocked inexpressibly, and the blood flew into my face; but, standing up, I replied with as much pride and dignity as I could muster,

"I accept your resignation, sir."

I did not believe, until he said that, his love for me would have outweighed all other considerations; but it seemed that I deceived myself.

Grannie added,

"I must say that my grandchild has replied as is most fitting she should reply to your curt rejection of her."

Herbert attempted to speak, but she would not permit him.

"It is a rejection, sir,—it is an insult! If I had been in your place, I would have known how to value her better than to lose her for a scruple of pride!"

To think of Grannie saying that! and so fierce she looked! Herbert would have his word now, and said a few phrases which showed all he felt; but Grannie did not take them in their right sense, so I said,

"Fear no misunderstanding from me, Herbert Clay; I know your sentiments. You will give your wife all, and accept from her nothing but herself—it may be very chivalrous," and then I felt sarcastic and bitter and miserable, and Grannie gave him a haughty "Good day to you, sir!" and he departed. Did I not always say that Ferndell would be the plague and sorrow of my life? But I did not think it would take this turn of all others. So that is over and done with—Love's young dream!

August 6th.—Last night I felt angry, proud and stung to the quick. It was honorable in Herbert Clay, but somehow I would rather he had not found it so easy to give me up, that he had proved more selfish, in fact; but that would not have been like himself. There has been a total silence on the subject since he went. Grannie is relieved, probably, but she will not show it; and Cousin Jane has given up teasing. I could not bear it. I don't feel disposed to fret, or seek retirement for what has happened; my spirit is up and resentful. I wonder how Herbert bears it, for, say what he will, I know he loves me. We are a pair of proud young fools! Perhaps he expected me to say that I would not desire our engagement broken.

I make a vow to myself I will write his name in my book no more. I will not be a pining, love-sick maiden for anybody! To morrow night I shall dine at Deerhill with Grannie, and flirt with Sir Edward.

August 30th.—I have a mind to score out that last sentence; but it would show if I did, so it may even stand as it is—the wilful suggestion of a very miserable moment. I did dine at Deerhill, but I did not flirt with Sir Edward. I cannot do as other girls do in that way. I am not a born flirt. There is a troublesomely strong element of adhesiveness in my composition which makes me cling fast to one idea and one affection. We have hastened our preparations for going over to Ferndell. I want to be there now, to get into the midst of fresh scenes, and to begin some of my manifold duties as squiress of a considerable village. Mrs. Curling suggested to me a trip abroad, but I could not enjoy that now; I want to get into quiet routine work. I feel as steady and as phlegmatic as an old horse in a mill.

FERNDELL, *October 25th.*—We have been here nearly six weeks, and in all that time my book has laid on my desk unopened. There is nothing particular to chronicle; it seems as if I could write most fluently about my feelings, and for the present my feelings have got a rest. One cannot go on suffering pain and regret forever; after a while they lose their prominence in the day's experience, and gradually fade and fade, until they only return in melancholy moments—in the night time, perhaps—when we lie awake, longing for the sleep that will not come.

Ferndell is beautiful—very beautiful. There are beechwoods where the crisp leaves are falling already. I like to walk in the open glades,—the sun falls in broad yellow layers over the turf, and the birds up in the branches sing as I never heard birds sing elsewhere; there must be thousands of them!

I am trying to become a practical and useful person in my generation, and in that view have given orders for rebuilding and enlarging the village schools, and attaching thereto a master's house. I cannot do all I should like to do yet, for I want nearly three years of being of age, and Uncle Henry does not seem to think he can fulfil his duty as guardian correctly, without thwarting some of my reasonable desires, which he stigmatizes as Quixotic extravagancies. My own personal wants are so few that I shall be at a loss to spend my income unless I give it away.

Dear Grannie does so enjoy Ferndell! She proposed yesterday to invite some company, but I only feel disposed to ask Mrs. Lake and Betsy Lawson and her sister. So I shall ask them next week.

January 6th, 1847.—Christmas at Ferndell ought to be a merry time, but it was not. Outwardly there was rejoicing, but inwardly to me it all lacked heart. From time immemorial the tenants on the estate and the hall servants have been accustomed to a dinner and a ball at this season, and though I care little enough for such meetings, it was best to keep up the custom; so I filled the house with people for the occasion, gave them plenty to eat and drink, and let them divert themselves after their own tastes. Sir Edward Singleton and his mother came, and Sir Simon and Lady Deering. Mary Jane makes the utmost of her new dignity, and conducts herself with a punctilious watchfulness over the old man's whims that is really very creditable to her; she has accomplished already what nine women out of ten could not have done,—namely, reconciled herself to his family.

Common report—false-tongued jade that she is—has been making up a match for me with Sir Edward. Lady Deering asked me if it were true. I denied it emphatically, and told her it was not true, or ever likely to be true. I trust she will consider it her duty to carry my words to Lady Singleton's ears, so that she may abandon her fruitless pursuit of me; it is she who really does all the courting, Sir Edward stands by, looking vast and handsome, and occasionally dropping a gem of inanity from his tongue—anything so big ought not to be so foolish, so intensely vacant. The poor giant has not yet come out of his bewilderment for Lady Deering, and he confided to me yesterday that he thought her the finest woman in all creation. She was at the moment showing to very large advantage; her crimson velvet dress enhanced the whiteness of her arms and neck, and her complexion was a shade or two less glowing than ordinary. Sir Edward suggested that Rubens was the man to paint her; no one with a more timid brush could do her justice; and I quite agree with him there.

Some of our party would get up private theatricals, but they failed through lack of brilliant actors; so there was dancing each night, and that the young people enjoyed. I get a good deal rallied for my sober way, and am asked why I do not do this, and why I do not do that, for the embellishment of Ferndell. I don't care for the grand echoing staterooms, and never enter them except when I have company. Grannie and I use the garden apartments; dining-room, drawing-room and bookroom, all furnished en suite, and as cosy and unpretending as Burnbank. But my favorite spot is this little eyrie in the tower—bedroom and sulky. I brought Lady Deering up, and she was bewildered by my monastic taste—wondered what it meant. I chose the locality for its quietness, and the beautiful prospects from the four windows. I can see across the wolds for miles, and over the deer-park and beechwoods. Sometimes on a very clear day I can also distinguish an opaque cloud hanging low down in the west—a cloud issuing from those Stockbridge mill chimneys. It is very silent up here, but not lonely, and it is furnished according to my own whim; a Turkey carpet on the stone floor, a heavy old table with drawers, some plain, comfortable easy-chairs, a couch, and dwarf book-cases fitted into the walls, and crimson draperies for the windows—not very hermit like, I think. Indeed, I like personal comfort and luxury in a quiet way; glitter and grandeur oppress me. Here I do my business, make my plans, and dream what I will do some day by way of benefiting my fellow-creatures. I spend a great deal of time in dreaming.

In all this time I have never heard from Alice; I cannot conceive what has become of her; it is now eighteen months since she left me at Miss Thoroton's, promising to write—I don't understand her failing in her promises.

January 10th.—Sir Edward Singleton is done with at last. He rode over from Mr. Napier's at Burley this morning, proposed in due form, and departed a rejected man. I am relieved that is over, as it had to happen; now, I shall be delivered from the smooth flatteries of his mother and the burden of his presence wherever I go. He professed a good amount of lumbering, honest affection, but as I know privately he cared not a sou for me, I did not commiserate him in the smallest degree. When he was gone, Grannie came up to me curious and anxious. She was disappointed at the issue, and said she had thought for some time past, that I was relenting towards the poor gentleman—and asked if I did not mean to reconsider it. I said No, decidedly No!

February 15th.—Cousin Jane is going to be married to Mr. Scrope, the rector at Burnshead. This will be, what folks call, a most suitable and equal marriage—and I am glad of it; even Cousin Henry, who is generally so more than hard to please, expresses himself fully satisfied. Jane proposes, half in jest and half in earnest, that, as a matter of course, I shall make them a wedding present. I shall in my munificence, give them a new church—why should I not? Whatever sum Wastelands, that Johnson wants to buy for the erection of his new mill and cottages, brings in, shall go to Burnshead for the church. Uncle Henry says that with the fine timber upon it, and the water-power, it is worth from four to five thousand pounds for building land. I wish it were a mile or two further from Ferndell; I like Stockbridge at a distance, but have no desire to see it walking up to my park gates. Jane is to be married in April.

May 20th.—To-day we laid the foundation-stone of Burnshead church. It is to be built upon a beautiful knoll at the back of the village, which it will overlook. The grave yard is to slope down to the pasturefields, which are divided from it by the beck. I intend to be buried there myself some day. I stayed with Grannie at the rectory for a week, and enjoyed it. Since Jane was married, she has quite lost her fussy old-maidish ways, and has bloomed into a very pleasing, sensible, active wife. Her house, old and inconvenient as it is, looks exquisitely clean and pretty; but, I think, I must give them a new rectory too. Mr. Scrope is a very good man, and sets immense store by Jenny, as he calls her. I have a nook in my eye, not far from the church, where the new rectory would look charming; the garden is almost ready made, for the trees there are beautiful. Next year I will improve the schools.

September 17th.—Ferndell is loveliest in the early autumn; there can be nothing lovelier than the view from the south window of my tower. There are the red and yellow tints in the woods, and the golden fields of ripe corn still uncut. Yesterday, I rode for the first time since we left Burnbank, and I took the Stockbridge road; I wanted to see with my own eyes if all the report we hear about the people are true. It was perfectly quiet; indeed, there were fewer idle folks about than usual. Burton told me they met on the Marsh every evening; but I could not go so far, because Grannie would have fidgeted if I had been long away, and within six miles of Stockbridge I returned home. Mr. Scrope tells me that the reports are much exaggerated—they always are in these cases.

December 7th.—The strike, which was only partial in the autumn, is now general throughout Stockbridge; it is very lamentable, for the people cannot but suffer, and suffer greatly in this inclement season. I pity the people, and the masters too; both have their grievances, but I do think they might be accomodated readily enough, but for these speechifying demagogues who, while calling themselves the working man's friends, are in fact his bitterest enemies. They ought to be drummed out of the country with all possible speed and ignominy! I heard one of them myself yesterday, holding forth on the Marsh to several hundreds of hollow-faced men and haggard women. It was pinching cold; but they stood patiently, drinking in his rant as if it was gospel truth. Burton begged me not to go near, lest I should be insulted; but I rode round to where I could hear the speaker, and nobody took any notice of me; I supposed that I must be personally known to many among the crowd. The fellow saw me—a low, black-browed man he was—nature had writ him villain on his face—and he forthwith launched into a philippic against "the purse-proud aristocracy, who ride over the poor man's neck and filch 'is bit of bread from 'is lips." Burton renewed his entreaties that I would come away, but it was such a novelty to be abused, that I stayed to hear it. After a few general denunciations which seemed to take well enough, the man thought to point a moral personally at me, and with a curiously sarcastic air spoke of "snorting horses and chariots, and pampered menials in the livery of slaves; acres of corn growing for the wastry of one fine lady, while their children fainted for bread."

There was a hiss in the crowd, whether for me or for him I neither knew nor cared; I sat still waiting for what would come next. This came. The tub-orator proceeded to say that I had come there to gloat over their misery, and the hiss rose to a yell; as soon as that ceased, a voice called out in the crowd, "Thou lees! keep a civil tongue i' thee head. Ton's Miss Clare fra' Ferndell?" and one or two of those nearest to me touched their caps respectfully. Burton brought tidings this morning, that this famous orator had been beaten by the mob, and ducked in Blackmoss for making offensive remarks about the Clay family, who are at present the only mill owners in Stockbridge who are not out of favor. The man had not learnt his lesson thoroughly, and struck out right and left at popular and unpopular with a very unlucky impartiality. I must say that I was gratified to learn that he had met with condign punishment at the hands of his worshippers.

May 20th, 1848.—It is a very rare thing for me now to take out my old journal; I forget it, and it lies by for months, until I see some one who recalls it to my memory, or something happens of which I want to keep a record. I have been over at Burnshead to the Scropes, who have just got settled in their new house; the old one is occupied by the curate, who came at Christmas, and who should this curate be but Mr. Hugh Cameron! I was glad to meet him again, but sorry to find that he had no preferment. He has no patron to give him anything, and the church cannot always provide as amply as they deserve for her sons. He spoke of Emily Clay with a melancholy smile, and said they lived in hope—that is something.

This morning, two gentlemen waited upon me from Stockbridge, to ask if I would permit the working people to come out to Ferndell for a holiday—give them the run of the park and woods for the day. I consented, on condition that no intoxicating drinkables should be sold in the grounds, and they promised to see to the stipulation being observed.

June 3rd.—The Stockbridge people's holiday went off satisfactorily. As early as six in the morning they began to arrive, but the men had put up the flags and decorations over night, and manufactured an arch of evergreens over the gateway, with "Welcome" in letters of daffodils, so that all was in readiness. I am told that there were as many as six thousand, but as the day was brilliantly fine, and they scattered themselves over the woods and park in detachments, I should not myself have guessed them at more than half the number. They brought with them two bands of music, and in the afternoon there was a dance on the level field near the cricket-ground; some of the young men played cricket. I had out the pony-carriage, and drove Grannie about to see them; she was rather alarmed at first, but when she saw how perfectly quiet and well-conducted everybody was she enjoyed it.

Some of the neighboring gentry are in high dudgeon at my bringing what they style "the riff-raff" into the country: but there was no "riff-raff," they were, as a whole, the respectable class of mechanics and factory folks. I confess that I did expect myself to find some destruction among the trees, but there is none; and as for the grass—nature and the first shower will restore that.

June 27th.—Next month there is to be a great bazaar at Stockbridge towards defraying the expenses of rebuilding the old church. I have been requested to provide a stall. It is a thing I do not relish at all; I would much rather give them a couple of hundred pounds, and have done with it; but this, it seems, would not do so well; Lady Mary Vernon and I are therefore to join.

The venerable rector of Ashby-on-the-Hill died last week, and I have given the living to Hugh Cameron; it is worth four hundred a-year, so now he and Emily Clay can marry and live happily ever afterwards. When I was in Stockbridge, last Monday, I met Emily, but as I was in the carriage and she was walking on the pavement with several ladies, she did not see me. She looked prettier than ever; her face was always refined and full of intelligence, and years have improved it.

August 17th.—The bazaar is over. Lady Mary Vernon was a most active saleswoman all the three days, but I did not fill my post very well. The heat and bustle were almost too much for me, and I was glad when the whole affair came to a successful conclusion. Mrs. Clay from Meadowlands had the next stall to ours, and as Emily was with her we had the opportunity of several talks; she thanked me very fervently for Hugh Cameron, and whispered that her mother had at last been persuaded to consent, and they were to be married in September.

There was a beautiful dark-haired girl with Emily. I inquired of Lady Mary who she was, and she told me her name was Hargrave, and she was going to marry one of the Clays, but whether Herbert Clay, or his cousin Frank, she did not know; she believed Herbert. I could not help watching her with some curiosity; she appeared an animated creature, and had great success with buyers of fancy things, especially with the gentlemen. Lady Mary wished several times that we had her to help us, and she had to scold me more than once for not pushing and pressing as she did. For the last day we hired one of the German girls from the Berlin wool shop, and then we managed much better.

Mr. Herbert Clay was to and fro in the room often during the three days; he came to his mother's stall, and talked to that pretty Miss Hargrave for a long while one afternoon toward the hour for closing, and waited to take her away. I heard her whisper, "Stop for me,

Herbert;" so he sat down on a chair with his back to us, and stayed till she was ready to go. He bowed to Lady Mary in passing, but I don't think he saw me, for I was behind the drapery that divides our stalls. He looks several years older and better than he used to do, for he has lost the boyish air he had. Lady Mary said he was a fine young fellow, and that since he brought the strike to that happy ending he was very highly thought of in the county. Some one wished him to stand for Stockbridge at the last election, but he declined; his father's health is failing, and he must supply his place in the business. I was not introduced to Miss Hargrave, and Emily, in all her conversations, never alluded to her. On the closing day of the bazaar, Mrs. Clay condescended to acknowledge me with a bow; she must have seen me before, but our eyes never met, and neither could possibly feel disposed to make any advance to the other. She is become very gray, and begins to look quite the old woman, but the tyrannical, domineering spirit is not dead in her.

Miss Thoroton, Miss Smallwood, Mademoiselle, and all the young ladies paid our stall a visit, and poor Miss Thoroton observed that it was the proudest day of her life in which she learnt that she had had the training of the heiress of Ferndell; then she pretended to scold me for the reticence that had kept it a secret all the while I was at school, and ended by inviting me to renew Stockbridge reminiscences by going to dine with her. I could not accept then, but I promised to go some day next week, and hear all her gossip about my former companions—perhaps she will be able to tell me something about Miss Alice.

August 24th.—Oh, I was sadly shocked yesterday! It was one of the furthest things from my thoughts that Alice should be dead, and I have been all along reproaching her for never writing to me. So quietly as Miss Thoroton told it, too—so unfeelingly.

I said, as she was talking on and on about one girl and another, for whom I never cared, "But can you tell me what has become of Miss Alice?" and she replied, "My dear, did you not know? She has been dead these two years, and more! When was it Miss Smallwood—in March or April?"

"I believe it was in August," said Miss Smallwood.

I was so painfully struck, that for several minutes I could not speak at all, and Miss Thoroton went on:—

"We heard of her death by the merest chance; it was in this way. When she left us, I could not reconcile it with my conscience either to find her a situation or recommend her to any family (her conduct had been so very insubordinate while with us), but she obtained, by her own arts (she was a talented girl, and there were those who liked her), a situation in a clergyman's house, as governess to two children. She was with them eighteen months, and they conceived a true respect for her, and if she had stayed with them she might, in time, have quite redeemed herself, but there was some love affair, some disappointment which affected her mind for a while. When she recovered she was possessed with a desire to travel on the continent, and engaged herself as companion to a lady going thither. This lady fell ill of an infectious fever at Brussels, and it was in nursing her Miss Alice contracted the disease of which she died there. Who was it told us the whole story, Miss Smallwood—was it not the Drakes when they came from their wedding tour?"

Miss Smallwood thought it was the Drakes.

"It could not have been any one else—they were in Brussels at the time. It seemed that Mrs. Hardfast was just recovered when Miss Alice fell sick, and she left her alone at the hotel where they had been staying, and almost without money—a very inconsiderate, and, I may say, cruel act—however, Miss Alice sank rapidly, and died there. Who buried her, Miss Smallwood, do you recollect?"

"It was a charitable English gentleman, the Drakes said, but I cannot call to mind his name. Was it a Sir Edward Singleton—I really believe it was. I know it was a baronet, wild young fellow who was staying at the inn, and who had been struck by her pretty face—yes, he paid for her funeral, and I must say that his heart was in the right place, wherever his wits might be."

And the two passed their comments on other circumstances which now revived in their minds without an atom of commiseration, till the tears began to drop from my eyes at the remembrance of how good she was to me.

Miss Thoroton expressed surprise at my feeling the news so deeply, and said, by way of consolation,

"My dear Miss Eleanor, it was a mercy she was taken; she had such an intolerable spirit that she never could have done any good in the world!"

I asked where she was buried.

"Was it in the cemetery at Brussels, Miss Smallwood, or was it at Laaken?"

Miss Smallwood was not certain, but she thought Laaken.

"I can learn by writing to the Drakes, if you wish it, dear Miss Eleanor," Miss Thoroton proposed.

I thanked her, but said *I* could obtain direct information from Sir Edward Singleton—I did not think there was that goodness and generosity in him. Poor Alice! to live and die so friendless! oh, if I had but known!

A TAPE BILL.—A child often places a row of bricks in order, and then topples over the first, for the fun of seeing the others tumble too. When a brick falls over among the "brokers" of the New York Stock exchange, in other words, when the "bears" have brought stock down to the lowest possible pitch, the commotion does not end where it begins; the banks are frightened for their "collaterals," merchants for their collections, retired individuals for their investments, and just now we have a lamentable example before us of the inevitable consequences of all gambling money transactions. The whole origin and source of the present difficulties we think is ascribable to certain professional panic-makers and speculators in New York.—*Country Gentleman.*

☞ M. Circle Labre, of Rheims, has manufactured a new sparkling red wine which is much sought after in Paris. A Frenchman tys:—"It is as red as the blood of a warrior; sparkles with life, and foams like the wake of a frigate."

ANECDOTE OF THE TELEGRAPH.

"I think the most curious fact, taken altogether, that I ever heard of the electric telegraph, was told me by a cashier of the Bank of England. You may have heard of it. It may have been in print. I am sure it deserves to be. 'Once upon a time,' then, on a certain Saturday night, the folks at the Bank of England, could not make the balance come right, by just £100. This is a curious matter in that little establishment; I do not mean the cash, but the mistake in arithmetic; for it occasions a world of scrutiny. An error in balancing has been known, I am told, to keep a delegation of clerks from each office at work sometimes through the whole night. A hue and cry was of course made after this £100, as if the old lady in Threadneedle street would be in the Gazette for want of it. Luckily on the Sunday morning, a clerk (in the middle of the sermon, I dare say, if the truth were known,) felt a suspicion of the truth dart through his mind quicker than any flash of the telegraph itself. He told the chief cashier on Monday morning, that perhaps the mistake *might* have occurred in packing some boxes of *specie* for the West Indies, which had been sent to Southampton for shipment. The suggestion was immediately acted upon. Here was a race—lightning against steam! and steam with eight-and-forty hours' start given. Instantly the wires asked, 'Whether such a vessel had left the harbor.' 'Just weighing anchor,' was the answer. 'Stop her!' frantically shouted the electric telegraph. It was done. 'Have up on deck certain boxes marked so and so; weigh them carefully.' They were weighed; and one—the delinquent—was found heavier by just one packet of a hundred sovereigns than it ought to be. 'Let her go,' said the mysterious telegraph. The West Indian folks were debited with just £100 more, and the error was corrected without ever looking into the boxes or delaying the voyage by an hour. Now that is what may be called 'doing business.'"

STORY OF INCLEDON.—We remember a story of Incledon, the once famous vocalist, that fits "an affair of honor" most capitally. Poor Incledon was one of the unsophisticated, and said and did a great many things out of sheer simplicity that had been much better left unsaid and undone. Something of this kind gave offence to a gentleman with whom Incledon happened to fall in company, and the offended party resolved upon satisfaction. He sought out the singer accordingly, and was lucky enough to find him enjoying his bottle of port, one fine afternoon, at a noted hotel. "Mr. Incledon," says the waiter, "a gentleman wishes to see you, sir." "Show him up, then," says Incledon. "Sir," said the visitor, in a towering passion, "I'm told that you have been making free with my name, in a very improper manner, and I have come to demand satisfaction." After some parleying, Incledon rose, put on his hat, and planting himself on one side of the room, began warbling Black-Eyed Susan, in his most delicious style. When he had finished, "There, sir," said he, "that has given complete satisfaction to several thousands, and if you want anything more, I've only to say, you're the most unreasonable fellow I ever met with."

☞ A gentleman having fallen into the river Exe, relating it to Sir T. A., said, "You will suppose I was pretty wet." "Yes," said the baronet, "wet, certainly, in the Exetreme."

☞ YOUNG LADY.—Well, Adolphus, I suppose you find yourself as successful as ever with the fair sex?

Adolphus (surveying her dimensions)—Yes, but I find it takes me longer to get round them!

☞ It is not by attacks on the false, but by the calm exposition of the true, that good is to be done.—*Goethe.*

☞ A KEEN REPORT.—A preacher not one hundred miles from this, while contending, as he thought, for the "ancient order of things," by ridiculing the doctrine of a call to the ministry, as proof that there is no such call, observed, that he never believed *he* was called to preach—"*And no person else ever believed it,*" said an acquaintance standing by.

☞ M. Huc thinks that every nation has a peculiar smell, and hence he was always detected and barked at by Chinese dogs, though dressed as a Chinese! The odor of Chinaman is *something like musk*, and they all know the smell of a European, though it is well understood that we smell less strongly than other nations.

☞ THE SHIPBUILDER'S OPINION OF WHITFIELD.—A shipbuilder was once asked what he thought of Mr. Whitfield. "Think!" he replied; "I tell you, sir, every Sunday that I go to my parish church, I can build a ship from stem to stern under the sermon; but, were I to save my soul, under Mr. W. I could not lay a single plank."

A MOUNTAIN OF SALT—REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.—The latest wonderful discovery, says the St. Louis Democrat of the 22nd ult., is a specimen of salt rock handed us yesterday by Mr Nettleton, clerk of the steamer Garvin. It was taken from a hill, or mountain of the same material, just discovered a short distance from the Mississippi river, on the Missouri side, and about 72 miles from St. Louis. It is situated on Saline creek, in Perry county, and almost on a line dividing that county from Ste Genevieve county. Saline creek empties into the Mississippi river about 3½ miles below St. Mary's landing. The specimen before us resembles a piece of quartz rock, and is a little mixed with a substance resembling iron ore. It has pure, sweet taste, and when ground to powder is as white as any of the table salt now in general use. If we are not misinformed, this hill of salt will prove an immense speculation to its owners, and will cheapen the price of that article very materially in this city.

THE GRAIN CROP OF ONE STATE ALONE.—The Chicago press "from the most reliable data," estimates that there will be produced in the State of Illinois, the present year, of

Indian corn,	bushels,	120,000,000
Wheat,	"	35,000,000
Oats, rye, barley and buckwheat,	"	80,000,000
Total of grain in bushels,		235,000,000

This vast product of one of our grain growing States, taking our population at 30,000,000, gives to each man, woman and child through the whole country, nine and a half bushels of grain toward their sustenance. We doubt the figures a little—but it shows, at least, that some of the Western people think the crops have been very large ones.

A DREARY VOYAGE.—It is a remarkable fact that the three survivors of the Central America, who arrived at New York on Monday, had drifted on their frail support *nearly six hundred miles* from the spot where the steamer had sunk before they were picked up—a dreary voyage—the terrors of which, with a protracted and agonizing death staring them in the face, no one but themselves can realize.

NEWS ITEMS.

POISONING BY MISTAKE.—Messrs. Stevens and Fitch, Pimlico, England, have invented a locked bottle, self-acting, especially for the purpose of keeping poisons in. If physicians and surgeons were to order all dangerous and active poisons to be kept and delivered to their patients in the locked bottles, there could be no mistaking one bottle for another, as it requires the use of the key to enable a person to remove the stopper, and on placing the stopper in the bottle it locks itself.

BY the Emperor's special command, the French Minister of Marine has issued an order to all captains of ships of war to give every aid to English vessels conveying troops to India, and to take them in tow when becalmed.

A DIRTY SCAMP.—A fellow in Brooklyn, New York, has been compelled to pay one hundred and fifty dollars damages to a woman, for spitting in her face. Served him right.

WOOL GROWING.—Ohio is said to be the greatest wool-growing State in the Union. Six millions of dollars' worth has been raised there this year.

LOSSES ON SUGAR.—It is said that there are now two cargoes of sugar in Georgetown, D C., on which the loss, in consequence of the reduced prices, is $10,000.

A MILLIONAIRE DEAD.—John E. Thayer, the banker and broker, of Boston, Massachusetts, who died a few days ago, is said to have left an estate valued at $3,500,000.

MEXICO has accepted the mediation of England and France in her quarrel with Spain. The conference will be held in London.

A Berlin letter says that the Czar before leaving St. Petersburg approved of the draft of a project for the partial abolition of serfdom, and on his return the project will become a law, and a proclamation be issued inviting their owners to arrange for the liberation of the serfs.

THE Sultan of Turkey has contributed £1000 to the Indian relief fund. Considerable political importance is attached to this act of the head of the Mohammedan religion.

A WELL-DESERVED COMPLIMENT.—The Norfolk (Virginia) papers say that the Navy Department has given orders that the Norwegian bark Ellen, Captain Johnson, which saved the lives of forty-nine of the passengers and crew of the ill-fated Central America, shall be repaired at the Government's expense, and supplied with two months' provisions, for her home voyage to Europe.

HANDSOME PRESENT.—The President of the United States, it is said, has presented the Captain of the Norwegian bark Ellen, who saved some of the passengers and crew of the ill-fated Central America, with a magnificent gold pocket chronometer.

THE WINE CROP IN ILLINOIS.—Grape culture is becoming quite a business in Monroe County, Illinois. It is estimated that the citizens of that county will market 150,000 gallons of wines, which, at present rates, will amount to $200,000.

A MINISTER is on trial at Seneca Falls, New York, and one of the charges is that the gentleman hired a livery horse and wagon, was gone two days, swapped horses six times, and came back to the stable with the same horse he took out, having made $100 in the operation. The best of the joke is, that it is perfectly true.

A LARGE TEA PARTY.—An English paper gives an account of a tea party of sixty old women, who were the mothers of eight hundred and sixty-nine children.

A NOVEL MATCH.—We learn from the Manchester American that a novel *race* came off in that city on Monday between the well-known horses Clifton and Young Morrill. It was a *walking* match of five miles for a purse of $50, and was won by Clifton in 1 hour, 2 minutes, and 46 seconds, beating Morrill at least one-fourth of a mile.

MORMON MOVEMENTS.—There is a very general apparent breaking up among the Mormons in the Eastern section of the country. They are discontinuing their papers and churches, under apparent orders to gather all to Utah—probably to strengthen themselves at head-quarters.

HOG CHOLERA.—Dr. J. E. Manlove, a distinguished physician of Tennessee, says that the "hog cholera," which is destroying so many swine throughout the West, is a disease of the lungs, and not cholera, as is supposed. He thinks its cause is evidently of atmospheric origin.

FACTORIES IN VIRGINIA, GEORGIA AND SOUTH CAROLINA.—During the past eight or ten days there has been announced the stoppage of three factories in Georgia, which prefer to close rather than run at heavy loss. The old cotton factory in Manchester, Va., has ceased operations because of the high price of cotton, and the panic in the money market. A large number of persons, mostly women and children, have been thrown out of employment by this suspension of business. The mills at Columbia, S. C., have advanced the price of osnaburgs to 13½ cts.

WE have accounts from all parts of the Atlantic States, of operatives and laborers being thrown out of employment, on account of the times. At Fall River, in consequence of the factory suspension in that city, suffering begins to be felt among the poorer classes. The Star says:—"Whole families are suffering *for bread*—the fathers eager and willing to work, but nothing to do. We have heard tales of distress that would bring tears to the eyes of the most indifferent. These people must have *bread* or *starve*, and this is not a community to allow the latter."

AN EARTHQUAKE occurred at Centralia, Illinois, recently. There were three shocks, the first being so violent as to demolish chimneys. The same earthquake was felt at Springfield, Illinois, and St. Louis, Mo.

NEW YORK, October 10.—If it were possible for Wall street to look bluer than it has done, then it looks so to-day. The rates asked for money are higher than ever, and many failures are reported, including some heavy sugar dealers and paper dealers. The Illinois Central Railroad and the Erie Railroad have both suffered their notes to be protested. The former is reported to have made an assignment. There was a run made this morning, on the Brooklyn Savings Bank. A large crowd was congregated in the vicinity of the Bank, and some excitement prevailed. The police were called upon to preserve order. The Bank is abundantly able to meet the run.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
H. B. JONES, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SALOONS, Nos. 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ℔ lb	16 @18	Leg, Loin, Chp ℔ lb	2 @16
Sirloin steak	16 @20	Breast and Neck	6½ @ 8
Rump do	12½@16	Young Lamb, whole	$5,00
Chuck pieces	8 @12½	Whole carcass	5 @ 8
Plates and navels		*Veal.*	
Corned	6 @10	Fore quarter ℔ lb	8
Tongues, fresh,	25 @75	Hind do	12
Leg, each,	31@37½	Chop	12½
Shin	25 @6¾	Cutlet	12½
Kidney	8 @12½	Sweetbread, each	10
Liver ℔ lb	6½	*Pork.*	
Dried Beef ℔ lb	10 @20	Young Pigs	@1 25 @1 50
Lamb.		Salt and fresh ℔	12 @ 14
Fore quarter	75 @87½	Feet, ℔ set	10½@ 12½
Hind do	1,00 @1 12½	Tripe, ℔ lb	4 @ 6
Chop ℔ lb	10 @12½	Lard do	12 @ 1
Calves Head, each	25 @31	Hams, sliced	12½@ 16
		Bologna Sausage	16 @ 20

VEGETABLES.

Turnips bbl	42 @31¼	Corn potatoes bu	50 @ 60
do hf pk	12½@ 14	do bbl	37½@ 40
Beets bunch	4 @ 5	do hf pk	14 @ 16
Cabbage bbl	87½@1 12½	Onions bus	— @1 50
do h'd	3 @ 10	Carrots doz	6 @ 9
Salad head	1 @ 3	Tomat'es per hf peck	6 @ 9
S't Pota'es ℔ bus	@1 25@1 75	do per basket	50 @ 63
do do ℔ lb	6 @ 8	Corn per dozen	10 @ 12
		Egg Plants, each,	3 @ 10

FRUIT.

Apples ℔ bbl	50@1 00	Watermelons	25 @37½
do hf pk	12½@ 25	Peaches ℔ basket	@1 50@ 2
Cranberries qt	12 @ 25	do half pk	12 @37½

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens ℔ pair	31 @ 37	Pigeons pr	25 @ 3
Chickens ℔ pr	37 @1 25	Woodcock	50 @ 75
Blackbirds ℔ doz	25	Frogs doz	25 @ 50
Reed Birds	50 @62½	Snipe, sand,	37½

SHELLFISH.

Terrapin(South)ds	@4 00	Oysters, Absecom,	
do (Ches & Del)	6 00@ 8 00	℔ bbl	62 @ 88
Lobsters ℔	8 @ 10	do ℔ M	4 00 @5 00
Clams M	2 00 @2 50	M Riv Cove M	3 00 @5 00
		N Y do ℔ bbl	12 00 @20 00

FISH.

Halibut lb	10 @12	Perch bunch	@12½@18
Bass	@ 8	Catfish	6 @15
Porgies	— @ 8	Eels	6 @12½
Flounders	— @ 6	Salt Shad lb	12
Cod	5 @ 5	" Mackerel	12
Bluefish	6	Dry Cod	4 @ 6
White Fish	— @ 8	Sm'kd Herring bunch	@
Rock	@12½	Fresh Salmon lb,	30 @ 25

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter lb	22 @25	Honey lb	20 @25
Roll do	16 @20	Buckwheat cake	3 @ 3
Eggs doz	16 @17		

CALIFORNIA.—At the recent election, the Democrats were successful. Weller (Dem.) 40,000; Stanley (Repub.) 27,000; Bowie (Amer.) 27,000.

In San Francisco the people's party,—which sympathizes with the Vigilance Committee—is victorious over the Democrats by 1,800 majority. The election passed off very quietly.

At the late election in California, the people decided that the State Debt should be paid, by a large majority.

The Constitutional Convention project is probably defeated.

The Grand Jury of San Francisco are engaged in investigating the affairs of the U. S Mint. The default of Mr. Harmothy, the late Melter and Refiner, amounts to $150,000. He has been detected abstracting treasure from the Coiner's Department.

The Star of the West brings 450 passengers, and $1,500,000 in gold. Among the passengers are Senator Gwin, Governor Foot, and the Hon. C. L. Scott, of California, and Mr. Starkweather, late Minister to Chili.

PART of the troops belonging to the Utah expedition have arrived at Fort Kearney, on their way to Salt Lake. Colonel Hoffman had seized five hundred kegs of powder in a Mormon train, and a returned California party which passed through Utah says that the Mormons were making open preparations for war.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS.—We have to notice a continuance of the depression which has been the prevailing feature of the market for weeks past. The receipts have been moderate, and with an accumulating stock and a very limited inquiry, both for export and home consumption, prices have actually declined 25c @ bbl. The sales for shipment comprise only 2000 bbls at $5,25 for superfine; $5,75@6 for Western extra, and $6@6,25 for extra family. Limited sales are making in the trade from our lowest quotations up to $7 for common and fancy brands. Rye Flour is dull. Small sales at $4,75. Corn Meal is but little inquired after. 100 bbls Penna sold on terms kept private.

GRAIN.—There has been a fair amount of Wheat offering, but the demand for it has been limited, and prices have been off some ℔ bush. Sales of 32,000 bush from 84 for inferior up to $1,25 for prime Southern and Western red, and $1@1,25 for white, closing at $1,20 for prime red, and $1,24@1,26 for white. There has been a steady demand for Rye, and it is taken on arrival at 70@72c. Corn is in steady demand, and 21,000 bushels yellow sold at 72@73c—mostly afloat. Oats have been in fair request, and about 15,000 bush, mostly Delaware, sold at 49@50 ℔ bush for fair and prime quality—closing at 50c.

PROVISIONS.—The transactions in all descriptions have been of a very meagre character, but prices, owing to the paucity of the stocks are well maintained. Small sales of Mess Pork at $23 ℔ bbl, and Prime at $22. City packed Mess Beef continues at last quoted, viz., $19@21, cash. Bacon—Prices continue unchanged, but there has been very little demand, and the stocks are too much reduced to admit of any extensive transactions. Small sales of Hams at 9@10c; Sides at 10c; and Shoulders at 7½@8c lb, cash. Prices are on Bulk Meats offering, and prices are entirely nominal. Lard—There is very little here, but the supply is ample for the demand. Small sales at barrels and tierces at 15½@16c, and kegs at 16½@17c ℔ lb, cash. Butter comes forward slowly and is dull. Small sales of Solid Packed at 14@15c, ℔ lb, cash.

BARK—There have been a steady demand for Quercitron Bark, and further sales of 25 hhds. No. 1 were made at $30 ton. Sales of 100 cord of Chestnut sold at $12 ℔ cord, which is a decline.

BEESWAX—There is not much demand, and prices are lower; 1,500 lbs yellow sold at 23c3 ℔ lb, cash.

CANDLES—There has been a limited inquiry for Adamantine at 21@22c ℔ lb, 6 months. Sperm are not wanted.

COAL.—The trade continues in a very unsatisfactory state. There is very little inquiry for shipment, and the receipts both by Railroad and Canal have fallen off. Two of the prominent operators have been compelled to succumb to the pressure of monetary affairs. Bituminous Coal is not wanted.

COFFEE—Another cargo of Rio has arrived since our last notice. The market continues extremely quiet, but prices have undergone no change. The only sales reported are 300 bags of Rio at 11½c per lb, on time.

COPPER—There has been nothing doing. We quote English Sheathing at 28c, and Yellow Metal at 32c per lb., 6 mos.

COTTON—The receipts and stocks continue light. There has been but little inquiry—the leading manufacturers having ceased operations, and the dealers manifest no anxiety to realize, except for cash. Sales of 221 bales Upland were made at 15½c ℔ lb cash, for good middling, and 16c on time, for middling fair.

DRUGS AND DYES—But little doing in any description. A cargo of Logwood has arrived and sold on private terms. Small sales of Soda Ash at 3½c, 6 months; some Bleaching Powders at 5c, and Dupont's Refined Saltpetre at 9½c ℔ lb.

FEATHERS—Are but little inquired after. The last sales of Western were at 30c ℔ lb.

FISH—There is very little demand for Mackerel, and prices are unsettled; 1300 bbls were sold on terms kept secret. Small sales from store at $14,50@15 ℔ bbl for No. 1's; $12,75@13 for No. 2's, and $9,50 for large No. 3's. No change in Herring or Codfish. A sale of 600 bbls Eastport Herring on private terms.

FRUIT—There has been nothing doing in Foreign. Green Fruit of all descriptions is abundant, and prices are lower. Raisins continue scarce, but the supplies of the new crop will soon commence coming forward.

GINSENG—Prices continue entirely nominal for both Crude and Clarified.

GUANO—The stocks of all kinds are much reduced, but the demand has fallen off.

HEMP—Continues very quiet and there is nothing doing.

HIDES—There have been no arrivals or sales this week.

HOPS—Continue in limited request, and new crop Eastern and Western are held at little ℔ lb, with limited sales.

INDIGO—Is held firmly, but there has been very little inquiry.

IRON—The market continues very much depressed, and prices are about nominal for all descriptions. About 1,000 tons No. 3 Anthracite sold at the furnace for the West, on terms not made public. Sales 250 tons Scotch pig at $24 ton, 6 mos; and 400 tons do. at $24 ton, cash. Coal is in steady demand, and 21,000 bushels yellow sold at 72@73c—mostly afloat. Oats have been in fair request, and about 15,000 bush, mostly Delaware, sold at 49@50 ℔ bush for fair and prime quality—closing at 50c.

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Wit and Humor.

The Way a Yankee Made a Dozen Chickens.—One of those peculiarly slab sided, gaunt Yankees, which the prolific soil down east produces in abundance, lately emigrated and settled down in the vicinity of Chestnut Hill. He was the very picture of a mean, shifty Yankee, but as he put himself to work in good earnest to get his house to rights, the neighbors willingly lent him a hand. After he got everything fixed to his notion, a thought struck him that he had no chickens, and he was powerful fond of sucking raw eggs. He was too honest to steal them, and too mean to buy them. At last a thought struck him—he could borrow. He went to a neighbor, and accosted him:

"Wal, I reckon you haint got no old hen nor nothin' you would lend me for a few weeks?"

"I will lend you one with pleasure," replied his neighbor, picking out one of the finest in the coops. The Yankee took the hen home, and then went to another neighbor and borrowed a dozen of eggs. He set the hen on the eggs, and in due course of time she hatched out a dozen of chickens. The Yankee was again puzzled—he could return the hen, but how was he to return the eggs? Another idea, and whoever saw a Yankee without one—came to his relief—he would keep the hen until she laid a dozen eggs. He then returned the hen and the eggs to their respective owners—remarking as he did so:

"Wal, I guess I've got as fine a dozen of chickens as you ever laid your eyes on, and they didn't cost me a cent nuther."

The Judge Puzzled.—At the Kerry (Ireland) Assizes, a witness was examined in an action of trover of a cow. He completely bewildered judge, counsel, and jury, by his description of the animal in question.

Counsel—What kind of cow, as to color and appearance, was she?

Witness (pausing and looking big)—Why, you see, she was, as a body may say, a blanket cow on the pints of calving.

Court—What color, witness, did you say? Do you mean to say she had a blanket on her?

Witness—Pshaw! a blanket on her; sure I'm telling you, a black-white cow—a bracket cow.

His lordship's apprehension did not seem much further enlightened, when the witness, in answer to further questions, stooped over to the bench, and, in a "private and confidential" manner, as though intended solely for his lordship's ear, but with a railway rapidity of utterance, went on—

"You see, my lord, a blanket is what we call a cow that is white under the belly of her; black, my lord, in her fore parts and her hind quarters, and white in the middle."

His lordship here looked "helpless," and finally closed his eyes, and leaned back in his chair, when the witness added—

"A springer, your lordship, as you may say, and in calf shanafough, three years, rising four."

Rather Excited.—The following occurred recently at a church which has, we are told, something of a reputation for its noisy mode of worship. During an evening prayer meeting, one member was praying with much earnestness and an abundance of zeal, rubbing and spatting his hands, shouting at the top of his voice, whilst a number of other members were chiming in, endorsing what the praying member said, and joining in the entreaty and supplication by such exclamations as "yes," "do, Lord," "yes, Lord," &c., the praying member went on with his prayer, growing more and more excited, more animated, more enraptured, more beseeching, supplicating and imploring—saying—"come down here, Lord—come right down among us—come right here o-night—come right through the roof."

Another member equally excited and enthusiastic, and who it seems was carried away by the shouting brother, and had the tantrums about as bad, here joined in and said, "Yes, come Lord, right down through the roof, and *I'll pay for the shingles!*"

Never too Late.—It is never too late to do right; as, for instance, a gentleman began to study grammar after he had written for the press ten years. It is never *too* late to get married; Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, took her first husband at five hundred and eighty. It is never too late to drop any habit; James, the novelist, wrote sixty-nine volumes before he could shake off his "solitary horseman." It is never too late to be a "wide awake" character; an old gentleman who has ceased to read the Daily Blunderbuss, has entirely recovered from the sleepiness that used to afflict him. It is sometimes too late to "pop the question;" a man once did so to a "charming widder;" just as she had reached her house after burying her first husband; "You are too late," was the reply, "*the deacon spoke to me at the grave!*"—*Picayune.*

Incredulous.—"I'm not very incredible," said Mrs. Partington, looking up from the paper and glancing over her specs at Ike, who sat making a windmill out of the frame of his slate, "and believe as much as any rationable person ought to. I have believed all about the Devilport boys, and the other wonderful things and all that has been said agin 'em: and the story of a man's climbing a pole and pulling it up arter him, and of the actor that held himself out at arm's length, but it is beyond my belief that a cargo of molasses could 'change hands.'" She passed the paper from her right hand to her left, as though it were a hogshead of molasses, and then resumed her reading with a profound idea that the editor in making the statement was humbugging her.—*Boston Gazette.*

How it Came to Pass.—A lady asked a very silly Scotch nobleman, how it happened that the Scotch who came out of their own country, were, generally speaking, men of more abilities than those who remained at home.

"Oh! madam," he said, "the reason is obvious. At every outlet there are persons stationed to examine all who pass, that for the honor of the country no one be permitted to leave it who is not a man of understanding."

"Then," said she, "I suppose your lordship was smuggled."

HOW TO TELL.

Here is a "bit of advice" to young ladies, setting forth how they may know whether a young gallant is really "courting" them, or only paying them "polite attentions." The confounding the one with the other has been the source of very much trouble, both before and since the era of Mr. Pickwick and Mrs. Bardell:—

A young man admires a pretty girl, and must manifest it. He can't help doing so for the life of him. The young lady has a tender heart, reaching out like vine tendrils for something to cling to. She sees the admiration; is flattered; begins soon to love; expects some tender avowal; and perhaps gets so far as to decide that she will choose a "white satin under that gauze," &c., at the very moment that the gallant she half loves is popping the question to another damsel ten miles off!

Now the difficulty lies in not precisely understanding the difference between "polite attentions" and the tender manifestations of love. Admiring a beautiful girl, and wishing to make a wife of her, are not always the same thing; and therefore it is necessary that the damsel should be on the alert to discover to which class the attentions paid her by handsome and fashionable young gentlemen belong.

First, then, if a young man greets you in a loud, free and hearty tone; if he knows precisely where to put his hands; if he stares you straight in the eye, with his mouth wide open; if he turns his back to you to speak to another; if he tells you who made his coat; if he squeezes your hand; if he eats heartily in your presence; if he fails to talk very kindly to your mother; if, in short, he sneezes when you are singing, criticises your curls, or fails to be foolish fifty times every hour, then don't fall in love with him for the world! He only admires you, let him say what he will to the contrary.

On the other hand, if he be merry with everybody else, but quiet with you; if he be anxious to see if your tea is sufficiently sweetened, and your dear person well wrapped up when you go out into the cold; if he talks very low and never looks you steadily in the eye; if his cheeks are red and his nose only blushes, it is enough. If he romps with your sister, sighs like a pair of old bellows, looks solemn when you are addressed by another gentleman, and in fact is the most still, awkward, stupid, yet anxious of all your male friends, you may go ahead and make the poor fellow too happy for his skin to hold him!

Young ladies! keep your hearts in a case of good leather, or some other tough substance, until the right one is found beyond a doubt, after which you can go on and love and "court" and be married and happy, without the least bit of trouble.

We consider this advice so sensible, that although it is somewhat open to the charge of bluntness, we have no hesitation in pressing it upon the attention of our lady readers.

HOW TO EAT WISELY.

Dr. Hall, in his journal, gives the following advice, which, like the doctor's advice generally, is worth *considering*: "1. Never sit down to a table with an anxious or disturbed mind; better a hundredfold intermit that meal, for there will then be that much more food in the world for hungrier stomachs than yours; and besides, eating under such circumstances, can only and will always prolong and aggravate the condition of things. 2. Never sit down to a meal after any intense mental effort, for physical and mental injury are inevitable, and no man has a right to deliberately injure body, mind, or estate. 3. Never go to a full table during bodily exhaustion—designated by some as being worn out, tired to death, used up, done over, and the like. The wisest thing you can do under such circumstances is to take a cracker and a cup of warm tea, either black or green, and no more. In ten minutes you will feel a degree of refreshment and liveliness which will be pleasantly surprising to you; not of the transient kind which a glass of liquor affords, but permanent; for the tea gives prompt stimulus and a little strength, and before it subsides nutriment begins to be drawn from the sugar and cream, and bread, thus allowing the body gradually, and by safe degrees, to regain its usual vigor. Then, in a couple of hours, you may take a full meal, provided it does not bring it later than two hours before sundown; if later, then take nothing for that day in addition to the cracker and tea, and the next day you will feel a freshness and vigor not recently known." No reader will require to be advised a second time, who will make a trial as above, whilst it is a fact of no unusual observation among intelligent physicians, that eating heartily under bodily exhaustion is not unfrequently the cause of alarming and painful illness, and sometimes sudden death. These things being so, let every family make it a point to assemble around the family board with kindly feelings, with a cheerful humor, and a courteous spirit; and let that member of it be sent from it in disgrace, who presumes to mar the ought-to-be-blest reunion by sullen silence, impatient look, or angry tone, or complaining tongue. Eat in thankful gladness, or away with you to the kitchen, you graceless churl, you ungrateful pestilent lout that you are. There was a grand and good philosophy in the old-time custom of having a buffoon or music at the dinner table.

Habits in the Pulpit.—A correspondent of the Christian Reflector, is holding up a few pictures, true to life, for the notice of such of his clerical friends as may have need of them, hoping the *reflection* will do no harm. He says:—

"I notice in some cases a *handkerchief* habit in the pulpit, which has led me to inquire if the use of that very necessary article is in a part of theological training. I notice some ministers take it out of their pockets, as they do their sermon, and lay it on the pulpit. Some spread it out lengthwise through the middle of the Bible; some roll it up, and tuck it under the Bible; some shake it every few moments over their heads; some clench it in their hand, as if they were going to throw it at the audience; and some keep crowding it into their pockets, and pulling it out again, with a nervous movement, as if they did not know what other use to make of their hands. I went once to hear a *popular* young preacher, and as much as half of his sermon was made up of pocket-handkerchief; and the most of the other half was gold watch and scraps of poetry."

THE SWIMMERS.

Georgina.—"Now, Clara, that's not fair—you know you have one foot on the ground."

The Sick Curate.—"Ah," said Mrs. Pettifer, "it's a thousand pities his father and sister can't co me and live with him, if he isn't to marry. But I wish with all my heart he could have taken to some nice woman as would have made a comfortable home for him. I used to think he might take to Eliza Pratt; she's a good girl, and very pretty; but I see no likelihood of it now." "He'd need have somebody, young or old," observed Mrs. Linnet, "to see as he wears a flannel wescoat, an' changes his stockins when he comes in. It's my opinion he's got that cough wi' sittin' i' wet shoes an' stockins; an' that Mrs. Wagstaff 's a poor addle-headed thing; she doesn't half tek care on him." "Oh, mother!" said Rebecca, "she's a very pious woman. And I'm sure she thinks it too great a privilege to have Mr. Tryan with her, not to do the best she can to make him comfortable. She can't help her rooms being shabby." "I've nothing to say again' her piety, my dear; but I know very well I shouldn't like her to cook my victual. When a man comes in hungry an' tired, piety won't feed him, I reckon. Hard carrots 'ull lie heavy on his stomach, piety or no piety. I called in one day when she was a dishin' up Mr. Tryan's dinner, an' I could see the potatoes was as watery as water. It's right enough to be spiritual—I'm no enemy to that; but I like my potato mealy. I don't see as anybody 'ull go to heaven the sooner for not digestin' their dinner—providin' they don't die sooner, as mayhap Mr. Tryan will, poor, dear man?"—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Our Hope is in Calico.—What a luxury it would be in these parlous times, when costliness and pride have crowded old fashioned simplicity into the back ground, to have some noble spirited woman take the initiative in introducing a calico regime in dress. It would require some nerve to do it, but once done it would excite the imitation of thousands of sensible people who are ready to resist the tyranny of fashion if any one would but lead the way. Our hope of the world's regeneration is in calico.

Agricultural.

BORERS AND OTHER INSECTS ON FRUIT TREES.

To forestall these enemies, and render the bark so disagreeable in smell, taste, &c., as to prevent them from laying their eggs therein, one has recommended the application of soap, or of some alkaline solution, another the boring of a hole into the tree and filling it with sulphur, and another still, the pretty liberal use of salt of brine to a mound of earth around the base of the trees. The proper season for a trial of these or any other modes of *prevention* is now over, as the great scourge of apple and quince trees, the borer, deposits its eggs about the middle and last of July. But though it may be too late to adopt measures to *prevent* this insect from laying her eggs on our trees, it is not yet too late to employ such applications as will destroy the young larvæ. For this purpose we have repeatedly recommended a solution of soda or potash; and we have not as yet heard of any wash which has given as much satisfaction to those who have experimented with others. The subjoined testimony in favor of a solution of potash—one pound of potash to one gallon of water—by one who has used such a wash for about forty years, may add somewhat to the confidence with which our recommendation might otherwise have been received. Mr. Buckminster, editor of the Massachusetts Ploughman, thus writes in regard to the borer and this wash:—

"The eggs of this fly are hatched in July, and soon the little white worms are seen making their way into the tender bark. If you look for them in October you will find them one-fourth of an inch long just under the bark of the trunk.

"Now the question is often asked, 'How are we to be rid of the borers?' We are often told by those who have never tried the thing, that a wash of lye or potash water, will kill apple trees. They therefore recommend other washes which will neither kill nor cure."

After noticing sundry things which have been recommended, as soap-suds, tar and grease mixed, mortar more or less thinned, lime whitewash, clay mortar, and fresh manure, Mr. B. goes on to say that he has not the least confidence in any of these recommendations. He objects to plastering up trees with any material, however, as the pores should be left open in trees as well as animals. Instead of being daubed with mortar, fresh manure, or whitewash, trees should be washed so as to keep their pores open and their bark free to the action of the atmosphere. Mr. B. thus continues:

"A wash of good lye, made as strong as one pound of potash to one gallon of water, will kill all the insects that are known to injure the apple tree. We have used this wash for more than forty years on young trees and old trees, and so far from sustaining any injury from the wash, we have always found it effectual to keep the bark smooth, and to destroy all kinds of *animalculæ* that infest our apple trees.

"Remember that one pound of potash makes one gallon of lye strong enough for a wash for the apple tree. Now if you let this lye stand out in a kettle till half the liquor is evaporated, the balance may be too strong—twice as strong as the liquid which we recommend. Let us not be misunderstood—one pound of good potash to one gallon of water makes a lye just strong enough for soap making—lye that will just bear up a hen's egg. That is all which is wanted to kill the numerous insects that infest our apple trees. The youngest trees will bear a lye of this strength as we know from many years' experience."—*Country Gentleman.*

TURKEYS AND GRASSHOPPERS.

I notice that the grasshoppers in large numbers have found their way from the Mormon Territory west of the Rocky Mountains, to the Territories east of them, and have committed great ravages in Minnesota and elsewhere this season, eating up every green thing in their progress, and leaving the land as desolate as the clouds of locusts do in Asia and Africa.

For one efficient aid in destroying this great plague, I would suggest to every farmer the propriety of raising as many young turkeys as they possibly can next season. Perhaps I shall be laughed at for this recommendation, as totally inadequate to the object. But let me tell my brother farmers that they have no idea of the incredible number of grasshoppers which a flock of 300 half-grown turkeys will devour. Early chickens will begin to pick up the vermin when very young; and it is safe to say that a flock of this number of turkeys will then destroy several hundred thousand weekly; yea, I might say several millions and be nearer the mark. Almost any farmer in our rich western country can easily raise from 100 to 500 turkeys; and I will engage, if all will do their duty in this respect, they will promote their own interests, destroy the plague before it can advance upon them, and at the same time provide themselves with plenty of fine fat turkey meat for the whole of the succeeding winter.

Several years ago there was a very destructive worm among the turnips in England, which at length increased so rapidly as to endanger this crop, that is almost as important to British farmers as the Indian corn crop is to American husbandmen. One of the most effectual remedies found for the extirpation of this worm, was the raising of young ducks to feed upon them. The Earl of Leicester had at one time a flock of at least 300 ducks, which he used to let into his turnip fields for a couple of hours or so every morning and evening. They sought for the worms on the turnip leaves with the utmost avidity, and in an incredible short time cleared the fields—the turnips that year yielded bountifully.—*An Old Western Farmer, in American Agriculturist.*

Chickens vs. Chinch Bugs and Plum Weevils.—We see it reported in the Southern Planter, that a hen and chickens placed in a coop in the corner of a wheat field, where the chinch bug had commenced its ravages, proved to be an effectual check upon the insects thereabouts, though they did considerable injury out of the range of the chickens.

The chinch bug is only one of the destructive insects which the chickens are ever ready to pick up. In our yard stands a black-heart cherry tree, the fruit of which was quite wormy last year—as is often the case with this variety. This spring we placed a chicken coop, with its occupants near the tree, and secured a full crop of fruit, showing no appearance of worms. The insects, as they emerged from the ground in a winged form, were so effectually picked up, that they failed to deposite their eggs in the fruit. Of course there will be a short crop of worms next season.

A Cellar "Up Stairs."—H. A. Sheldon, of Middlebury, Vt., recommends those without the conveniences of an under ground cellar, the following substitute: "Take a box of any convenient size and set it within another of similar form but enough larger to admit a layer of dry sawdust four or five inches in thickness to be closely packed between the two, both at the bottom and sides. There may be a cover on both boxes, or only one on the outside box. In a room having a fire by day, such a box will keep vegetables enough for a small family during a month or so, which will be a great convenience to those living at a distance from market. In very cold weather the box may be left open during the day." It will also do for a Summer ice-chest, by putting the ice in, in some water-tight vessel.—*American Agriculturist.*

Pleasures of Contentment.—I have a rich neighbor that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and myre money, that he may still get more and more money. He is still drudging on, saying that Solomon says, "The diligent hand maketh rich." And it is true, indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, that "there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them." And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silk-worm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels and consuming herself. And this many rich men do—loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have already got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience.—*Izaak Walton.*

Useful Receipts.

ECONOMY IN BREAD.

The following modes of producing a larger quantity of bread from flour than is usual, are given in the London Farmers' Magazine:

Bran Water in Bread.—In the "Weekly Entertainer," of March 10th, 1800, is a letter of the Rev. Francis Haggitt, prebendary to the Bishop of Durham, in which he states that flour kneaded with bran water will produce a more substantial and a greater quantity of it than bread made in the common way. In the Rev. baker's experiment, he took 5 lbs. of bran, boiled it, and with the liquor strained from it kneaded 56 lbs. of flour; adding the usual quantity of yeast and salt. When the dough was sufficiently raised, it was weighed and divided into loaves; the weight before being put into the oven being 93 lbs. 13 oz.; or 31 lbs. 10 oz. more than the same quantity of flour kneaded in the common way, it was then baked two hours, and some time after weighed 83 lbs. 8 oz.; showing a loss in baking of 10 lbs. 5 oz.; the same quantity of flour kneaded with common water losing 16 lbs. 11 oz., and producing only 69 lbs. 8 oz. of bread. The gain by the bran water is thus 14 lbs. out of 70 lbs., or a clear increase of one fifth; while the bran, after being used in this way, is equally fit for many domestic purposes, and better for pigs and poultry than if given raw. This increase of 14 lbs., when only 5 lbs. of bran were boiled, appears at first astonishing, but he accounts for it thus: 1. The water weighs half a pound a gallon more than common water. 2. Owing to its glutinous consistence it is less subject to evaporation by heat. 3. A greater quantity of it is necessary to make the dough, viz: 3¼ gallons instead of 3 gallons. The 5 lbs. of bran weighed, after the liquor was strained off, and while wet, 17 lbs. To persons who are making their own bread, these facts must prove interesting; and looking at the experiment in a chemical point of view, there is no doubt the decoction of bran would have a very considerable effect on the flour.

To Make Good Bread.—Tie up one pound and a half of the best American rice in a thick linen bag, allowing it ample room to swell; boil it for three or four hours until it becomes a smooth paste; mix this while warm with fourteen pounds of best flour, adding the usual quantity of yeast and salt. Allow the dough to work a certain time near the fire, after which divide it into loaves, and it will be found to produce from twenty-eight to thirty pounds of excellent white bread.

With the assistance of Mr. Clapperton, baker, Mortimer street, this recipe was tried by Prof. Pepper, Professor of Chemistry, at the Royal Polytechnic Institute, and produced 26 lbs. 13 oz. of good bread.

In making the bread with boiled rice, Mr. Clapperton says that the flour must be dusted in, and most vigorously kneaded, and he will be happy to make any quantity for the curious, or those doubtful of the fact.

This rice bread is very sweet, pleasant and wholesome, and keeps moist longer than pure wheat bread, and thus tempts us to eat more; but made up with East India rice, or maize meal, both cheaper than American rice (either may now be had for 1½d. per lb., in the present state of the market), it will make more bread, equally or more nutritious, and not so generally tempting to greater consumption.

The East India rice may be treated as the American; but the maize must be thrown into six times as much cold water, to float the husk (or bran), which must be skimmed off.

In boiling them to the required paste (which should weigh 6 lbs. for each pound of rice or maize), they should not be set on the open fire, as that might burn them to the bottom; but on (or in) a boiler of water, so as to be heated only by the boiling water or steam.

Roaches and Ants.—Elderberry leaves laid upon the shelves of a safe or cupboard, it is said, will drive away ants and roaches. Try it.

Hens and Eggs.—For several years past I have spent a few weeks of the latter part of August on the Kennebec river, in Maine. The lady with whom I have stopped is a highly accomplished and intelligent housewife. She supports a "hennery," and from her I derived my information in this matter. She told me that for many years she had been in the habit of administering to her hens with their common food, at the rate of a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper each alternate day, to a dozen fowls. Last season, when I was with her, each morning she brought in from twelve to fourteen eggs, having but sixteen hens in all. She again and again experimented in the matter, by omitting to feed with the cayenne for two or three days. The consequence invariably was, that her product of eggs fell off to five or six per day. The same effect of using the cayenne is produced in winter as well as in summer.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Riddler.

LITERARY ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 55 letters.

My 5, 8, 16, 32, 18, 30, 16, 35, 30, 54, 27, was a noted Scotch poet.

My 8, 10, 12, 35, 43, 48, 27, 29, 51, 54, 11, 39, 47, was a celebrated English poet.

My 11, 20, 12, 35, 51, 52, 16, 25, 33, 31, 28, 50, 55, 27, 46, 36, was a noted novelist born in the year 1599.

My 15, 53, 12, 2, 5, 1, 14, is one of Shakspeare's plays.

My 24, 31, 17, 12, 26, 11, 7, 47, 20, 39, was an English poet born in 1710.

My 30, 21, 32, 27, 22, 38, is one of J. Fennimore Cooper's novels.

My 22, 51, 29, 10, 33, 36, 54, 49, 11, is one of Thackeray's novels.

My 48, 20, 4, 3, 53, 33, 39, 22, 23, 5, 18, 40, 49, 31, 9, 45, is one of Dickens's novels.

My 28, 32, 30, 5, 50, 37, 26, 12, 29, 41, 51, is one of Captain Marryatt's novels.

My 37, 31, 32, 33, 17, 6, 27, 53, 3, 18, is one of Byron's poems.

My 32, 11, 27, 26, 26, 17, 54, 12, 20, 29, is one of Pope's poems.

My 22, 20, 30, 33, 48, 49, 11, 5, 41, 42, 27, 30, is one of Milton's poems.

My 33, 15, 51, 4, 38, 32, 31, 26, 11, 32, is an old English ballad.

My 14, 13, 17, 12, 20, 27, 33, 23, 12, 22, 16, 31, 24, 25, was a celebrated Scotch poet.

My 21, 1, 12, 32, 18, was a Greek poet.

My 44, 5, 34, 40, 45, 47, 32, 39, 33, 13, 20, 35, 33, 51, 6, was a celebrated old English poet.

My 4, 12, 18, 7, 49, 41, was a Latin poet.

My 30, 15, 13, 26, 10, 4, 5, 19, 37, 35, 9, 51, 27, 46, 45, 23, 20, 22, 14, 52, 42, 43, 11, 28, 54, 44, 21, 32, 21, 42, 36, is the name of a novel by De Foe.

My whole is the name of a celebrated poet, historian, novelist and essayist, with the place of his birth.

New York. "NED" T. B.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 1, 2, 11, is a plant.

My 2, 13, 1, we all do

My 3, 10, 1, 2, is an insect.

My 4, 2, 11, is a plant.

My 5, 12, 18, 2, is a musical instrument.

My 6, 2, 5, is a fish.

My 7, 10, 12, is a metal.

My 8, 12, 6, is a number.

My 9, 10, 12, 6, is a number.

My 10, 9, is a preposition.

My 11, 7, is a preposition.

My 12, 19, 16, is a fruit.

My 13, 12, 1, 8, is a preposition.

My 14, 6, 1, 10, 5, 6, is a stinging herb.

My 15, 5, 6, 2, is a kind of fruit.

My 18, 10, 16, is a bird.

My 17, is a vowel.

My 18, 6, 5, is part of the foot.

My 19, is a vowel.

My 20, 8, is a preposition.

My 21, is a vowel.

My whole is an institution of learning in Western Pennsylvania. E. McBRIDE.

Fayette, Allegheny Co., Pa.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Across the bosom of the deep,
My first was flying fast,
While many forms were bound by sleep,
And dreaming of the past.
A cry rang out—"My first's on fire!"
They tried their best to save,
But as the flames climbed higher and higher,
Each found a grave.

We read within the Sacred Word
Of people bad and good—
Of how the mighty flood occurr'd,
And of the ark of wood.
And how that refuge saved a few.
My second 'mong the rest,
But who among the ark's good crew
Was the least blest.

My third's a poet much renown'd,
Whose poems much are read;
And many things therein are found
To cheer the drooping head.
And though he pass'd away from earth
In the long years gone by;
The "Thoughts" to which his mind gave birth
Will never die.

GAHMEW.

[*Note.*—We omit Gahmew's fourth verse, telling what the whole is, because it is entirely too obvious. Every reader would guess it at once. As it is, it is excellent charade.—*Editor Riddler.*]

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an adjective;
My second is a conjunction;
My third is a verb;
My whole is a city in the south.

Pottstown, Pa. L. J.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

1. Roman to die
2. Bear, monster.
3. A nice pet.
4. True, I am in.
5. In magic tale.
6. Dick's cat's action.
7. At India in storm.
8. News thrice.
9. Since 'tis drop.
10. Wester chin.
11. Yes, June, toast it.
12. Fe Fiddle.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is said that on the following little question a schoolmaster spent nearly a whole day without being able to solve it:—There are two numbers, the sum of whose squares is 3,341; and the cube of their difference is 2,010 less than the sum of their squares. Required the numbers? D. D.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ When is a pipe like a fish-tub? Ans.—When it's a kit.

☞ What kind of fruit is like man and wife? Ans.—Pear. (Pair) to be sure.

☞ When is a fruit like a lie? Ans.—When it is a plum. (Plumb.)

☞ Why are cross women like a nation in debt? Ans.—Because they are Tartars.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

PHILOSOPHICAL ENIGMA.—A telegraphic communication with European countries. GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—Gen. Francis Marion. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Edward Adolphe Casimer Joseph Mortier. CHARADE.—Ka(K A T E) CHARADE.—Portico. (Port, I, C GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.—Mendocino, Shin, Gondar, Stout, Massonah, Ashland, Melbourne Bros. TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.—530 feet.

Preaching and Prophesying.—A country clergyman, who, on Sundays, was more indebted to his manuscript than to his memory, called unceremoniously at a cottage, while the possessor, a pious parishioner, was engaged daily exercise) in perusing a paragraph of writing of an inspired prophecy. "Well, Jo familiarly inquired the clerical visitant, "what this you are about?" "I am prophesying was the prompt reply. "Prophesying!" claimed the astonished divine; "I don are only reading a prophecy?" "Weel," the religious rustic, "if reading a prophecy be preaching, it no reading a prophecy in'?"